CARLYLE'S

Sartor Resartus.

A STUDY.

J. Macmillan Brown, M.A.

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THE

"Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle.

A STUDY.

BY

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

So much benefit has been derived by University Students, Teachers, and lovers of English literature generally, from those literary studies of PROFESSOR J. MACMILLAN BROWN that have been already published, that we have felt justified in securing the right to publish the series of lectures on Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, which were originally delivered at Canterbury College during the author's tenure of the Chair of English Literature. The classic forming the subject of these essays ranks among the very finest of English masterpieces, but it presents unusual difficulties to the student who would become thoroughly imbued with the spirit in which it was created; and we feel sure that all candidates for Public Examinations for which this work is prescribed, as well as general readers, will obtain considerable assistance from Professor Brown's Studies. These provide a complete treatment of the art and thought of the book, and enable the Student and Teacher to comprehend thoroughly its place in the development of English literature and philosophy.

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INDEX AND SUMMARY.

I.—The Birth and Childhood of Teufelsdrockh and Carlyle.

(1). In autobiography historical truth is vitiated by the existent self and the shadow of the present. (2). The writer alters its complexion more by what he omits than by what he colours. (3). When he deliberately adopts a mask of fiction, he lets his real nature and life peep out more unreservedly. (4). But the history of our early life becomes more and more vitiated by illusions, as we proceed from it.

(5). When Carlyle wrote his *Sartor Resartus* he was only thirty-six; but a sluggish liver and the comparative failure of his ambitions had, through their contrastive gloom, thrown a halo round his earlier years. (6). Yet, taken in its general and more commanding features, the autobiography of Teufelsdröckh is the autobiography of Carlyle. (7). The name he gives his hero exactly expresses the pungency and frequent offensiveness of his own humour and the vigour of his mission to men when he preached against their spasmodic work and hysterical efforts. (8). The baptismal name, Diogenes, is self-portraiture, even if it is not meant so to be. (9). For he considers the name as one of the most important environments of the nature. (10). He lays little stress on genealogy but that from the All-father. (11). Andreas Futteral is Carlyle's grandfather; but the fostermother of his hero, with her kindly and watchful house-discipline, and her deep religious feeling, is Carlyle's mother. (12). Entepfuhl is Ecclefechan with a halo round it; but Nature in her more distant and mountainous aspects needed no halo to make her picturesque.

(13). The environment of childhood he considers of the utmost importance in understanding the character and life of a man; and so he paints every detail of the village life of his hero, taking that of his own boyhood as his model. (14). In spite of the halo that memory throws round his childhood he sees how hard it was, and what a stoical training he had, tempered only by his mother's love and piety. (15). And it is in our childhood that dreams from the ancestral past play most upon the stage of our lives. As we recede from it they die into the light of common day.

(16). It is motherhood, with its infinite power of self-sacrifice, that nurtures these dreams of the past most tenderly and weaves best the bond between the generations. (17). And it is motherhood, Carlyle feels, that best represents the parental heart of Nature, and draws its sanction and inspiration from Heaven. (18). The best religious feelings and instincts we have in us are got at a mother's knee.

II.—The Youth and Education of Carlyle and Teufelsdrockh.

(1). Education, in popular language, is as definite a period of life as that of longclothes, and is supposed to end as abruptly with leaving school or university as it began with the alphabet. (2). In truth, when education is over, it is then that it begins. The finished scholar is finished in more senses than one. And death is the only final abiturienten-examen.

(3). Yet there is accuracy in differentiating the discipline of the world from the discipline of school. For the latter has the tissues of the soul and character still soft and plastic to deal with and may go far to educate the being out of animal content and idleness into strenuous self-control. (4). To some extent the progress of the world is in the hands of the teaching profession ; and till it is drastically purged of all mechanical routine and characterlessness and unwisdom that progress will continue to be slow. (5). But there is in school also much of the ruthlessness of the struggle for existence that characterises the world. And both Carlyle and his hero bore the full brunt of it. (6). None the less drastic was the discipline for the sullen fits of silence that brought out into stronger relief their periods of volcanic outburst. (7). Their best education lay in their own omnivorous reading and their ever-growing introspection. (8). Their severest discipline lay in the rough handling their school-fellows gave them at the secondary school ; and Carlyle strongly protests against the tyranny of the strong in this sphere, loudly though he lauds it in the sphere of the hero. (9). As he fails to see that school is but a section of the great world, where might is right in the struggle for the survival of the fittest, so he failed to dispense with liberal applications of the birch during his career as a teacher. He felt there was something wrong in the teaching profession and the frequent selection of the weakest and most characterless for it ; but, like most others, he could not suggest a remedy. (10). In condemning his own teachers he makes an exception in favour of those that taught him mathematics. For the teaching of this subject has no relation to the character, and the good mathematical scholar is generally the good mathematical teacher. He followed up the study for a time, doubtless fascinated by its exactness and its appearance of absolute truth. But doubt and life swept him past it.

(11). His greatest schoolmaster even at school was experience, as it was that of his hero. Sorrow crept into their lives, especially sorrow over the first dead of their household, and taught them the need and the yearning for solitude. (12). Solitude was, if Carlyle had known it, the first essential of the development of his talents and his career. But the difficulty of finding an audience gave him many a pang. He could not enter the pulpit; but he longed for its secular analogue, the professorial chair, and he makes his hero a professor of things in general, a clear prediction of his own destiny and career. (13). This embryo ideal professor in him brings the lash down heartily on his own university. (14). In his university again, as in his secondary school, it was his environment and his books that gave him his truest education. The Spartan training of the Scotch student strengthened his character; the sense of power within him without an arena to display it in developed his irony and made him a young Ishmael; whilst the democracy of undistinguishable poverty around him suppressed the instinctive arrogance of talent in him, and his love of books and especially of the living spirit in them soothed and veiled his rebellious soul. (15). His thoughts rose in revolt against the eighteenth century spirit that spoke from the professorial chairs and turned the universe into a dead mechanism.

(16). In Carlyle's mind, as in all the Western world, a ferment was working that has been recreating life and civilisation. Freedom, freedom of career, freedom of thought, was the ultimate end of the revolution; but, instead of attaining this, the European mind has swung back towards despotism, not the old despotism of autocracy and aristocracy, but the new despotism of so-called free and popular governments, riveting down the rule of some on the souls of all. (17). Carlyle rose with this new revolutionary fervour for freedom against a dead God in a lifeless universe. And, in spite of the growing worship of might that he helped so much to foster, he wept with the poor and the sorrow-laden and strove to turn their down-trodden spirits to freedom and the living heart of the world.

III.—The Early Manhood of Teufelsdrockh and Carlyle.

(1). The choice of a career is oftenest like the choice of calf-love, as far removed from deliberation and wisdom as action can be. (2). The selection is now and then right, oftenest wrong. For no effort has been made to test the proportions of the various faculties or to ascertain the talent that is to dominate. (3). Yet, if education means anything, it means exactly this discovery of the powers and attitudes of the nature. (4). For Carlyle harsh destiny had narrowed

the choice of professions to two, the church and the school; the others either were inchoate and unorganised or made too large demands on the purse. (5). His parents marked out the clerical career for him; but doubt and distaste for the creeds, and, at last, chance kept him out of the pulpit, though leaving him still to the profession of unprofessional pulpiteering. (6). The scholastic seemed the only career open to him; for literature had no financial basis as a profession for a beginner. (7). The strap fell finally from his hand at Kirkcaldy, where he made acquaintance with Edward Irving, with Gibbon's *Decline*, and with creedlessness.

(8). Then began the fierce struggle in Edinburgh for a profession, for subsistence, for health, and for faith. (9). Slowly he found his way into the profession of literature, at first by hard work, articles in encyclopædias, unilluminating biographies, and translations. But it all helped to develop his character and style. (10). He spent some years in tutoring, and made sundry attempts to gain a platform for his teaching in a professorial chair; whilst, like most young men, he had his romances of the heart.

(11). One amorous incident in his Kirkcaldy life figures largely in his history of Teufelsdröckh. (12). And the fictitious atmosphere of the "Blumine" episode is nearer reality than the Margaret Gordon story in the *Reminiscences*. (13). It is inspired with passion and realism that are scarcely dimmed by his copious philosophy and sentiment.

(14). Herr Towgood, whom his hero tutors, is evidently Charles Buller, and Carlyle's experiences with the young Englishman and his aristocratic relatives are liberally drawn on in his *Sartor Resartus*.

(15). His struggle for existence is minutely painted in "Getting Under Way." And not till long after writing his *Sartor Resartus* did he gain his chair of Things-in-General in the University of Who-Knows-Where. (16). He had to hobble through the nondescript period of early manhood before he could reach firm ground. (17). He flounders in the cross currents, the meeting of the waters of youth and manhood. (18). He had to acknowledge the ridiculous folly of this period in his own life. (19). He felt that, though with nothing but chaos within, he was ready to make all creation anew.

IV.—The Life-Struggle in the Heart of Teufelsdröckh and of Carlyle.

(1). Two movements mingle in every life, integration and disintegration. (2). In human life the integration seems to evolve something that grows independent of the evil from which it sprang and

that resists disintegration. (3). Not that it has no struggles with the disintegrant elements of the system. It often yields to them and becomes embruted and feeble. (4). Without everlasting struggle and growth, the spirit is dead or asleep.

(5). Such a desperate conflict of the spirit is depicted in *Sartor Resartus* and is Carlyle's own. (6). He puts the reader off the scent by introducing composite incidents and personalities, as in the love episode ; but the spiritual history is minutely autobiographical. (7). "The Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh" depicts Carlyle's wander-years, and the close approach he made to despair and suicide. (8). He fled, like his hero, from the shadows of his own past, from the shadow of the immedicable plague of doubt. (9). The heavens were dark above him. Yet it was as much a question of liver as of faith. (10). His liver and his faith were possessed of devils ; both of which he defied by turning to action, to work ; and thereupon was he freed from them and entered on the heritage of upright and fearless manhood. (11). He reached the truths at the basis of all faiths and an attitute of tolerance to all. Against infinitude he saw the insignificance of man and his works, and beneath the shows and phantasms of history he came to recognise the eternal verities.

(12). Then came over him the paralysing sense of necessity, of the omnipotence of environment, which seems to deny and conflict with freedom of will. This contradiction was solved by the idea of duty, by the abandonment of the pursuit of pleasure, and by the denial of self. (13). The new point of view that duty gives is a true revelation from Heaven ; and under its light the whole world is transformed from the never-satisfied pursuit of pleasure into a sublime renunciation that makes the soul master of the universe. (14). For self-renunciation is the highest self-satisfaction ; and self-sacrifice for others is the perennial secret of the universe and of its evolution into higher and higher forms. This is the divine revelation that is written on every man's nature, if only he would, by trusting to his own immediate duty, discover it.

(15). But a revolution must occur in our history before we can read the divine handwriting on our souls. The instinctive morality and religion that grow up in us and around us from infancy must, for every thinking, developing spirit, fall into ruin, and drag faith and even the love of life with it. (16). And the only thing that will rescue us from the hopeless gloom and paralysis is the duty that lies before us. The fabric of our faith is rebuilt on the new and sounder basis of reason by intense application to the work we have to do in life. (17). It is not long before we distinguish the two selves in us, the one clamant

and infinite in its desires and claims, the other modest but infinite in renunciation and the sense of duty. (18). The latter originates and affiliates with the divine. And in its victory religion remoulds itself and takes to it as primary tenets the brotherhood of man and the gospel of work.

V.—The Philosophy of Clothes.

(1). One of the first questions that trouble the soul of man is his relation to the unseen, which is difficult to realise unless in visible shape and form. And the earliest effort of religion is to give it visibility. (2). The fetish is one of the earliest and crudest forms of the visible object of worship ; the idol or the form shaped by man's own hand is a later. All religion and all folk-lores bear traces of these. (3). One of the higher embodiments of the spiritual principle is a noble character or the ennobled memory of a character. And this leads far on the upward way of civilisation. (4). But the human spirit often outgrows the memory and has to adapt it to the demands of new scepticisms and the resulting new beliefs and moralities. Philosophy pioneers religion. (5). All reverent souls have to accept her guidance in the adaptation of the old to the new, in putting into new religious form the thoughts that science has supplied. (6). And, in this transition stage of belief, maturity of moral principle and reason is needed in order to avoid the abandonment of reverence.

(7). *Sartor Resartus* is Carlyle's attempt to throw into half-humorous, half-philosophical form his struggle with doubt and his solution of the problem of religion. (8). His philosophy of clothes is based on the everlasting contrast between appearances and realities, between body and soul, and between the material universe and the spirit within it. In the first he finds cue for his satire, on the second he founds the autobiographical structure of the book, and on the third he raises his philosophy of life and religion.

(9). His philosopher watches from his attic the current of clothes as it ebbs and flows along the street and discovers the poor shred of humanity underneath them. Thence he comes down to his chair of Things-in-General in the coffeehouse and prelects on the farce of life. (10). History is but a question of clothes, if we include in the term tools. For not merely are they the product of the human spirit, but they achieve its comedies and tragedies, if not its whole evolution. (11). He laughs at aprons, from Adam's and Eve's down to the bishop's and the cook's, and at costumes in general ; and he finds the rubbish-heap, into which is thrown the literature of the world and out

of which come the rags that make the paper of the world, the fountain of movement in human life ; for the newspaper is the true monarch and motive power. (12). The human imagination is daily moulded by it. And it is the imagination, the fantasy, that creates our will for us. We see in life only what we bring with us. There is, therefore, a veil between us and the absolute, the shadow of our own being. Only God and the disembodied see and know without the forms of where and when. Here Carlyle strikes on Berkeleyan and Kantian idealism.

(13). But the air is too difficult to breathe on these metaphysical heights. And he falls back on satire. He cannot cease laughing at the absurdity of clothes, once he has rid his mind of familiarity and habit. (14). And yet he laughs as much at the Adamites who wished to doff even the aprons of Adam and Eve. For he finds that it is clothes that distinguish the judge from the criminal, and the king from the clown ; they are symbols of power or authority.

(15). He soon passes from his "descendentalism" into his native transcendentalism. The flesh is the heaven-woven vesture of the soul, language the vesture of ideas woven out of metaphor, and creation the vesture of God. Mystic that he is by nature, he protests against the omniscience of science and its scorn of wonder. (16). For the new thoughts and the discovery of science are but another vesture the human soul weaves out of its own shadow to clothe it with, another veil it hangs over the Absolute, the face of the Deity. (17). We are indeed but one of the shadows of God. True and reverent science is the ally of religion, and in all its discoveries reveals mystery upon mystery, and immortal and divine energy as the essence of the cosmos. (18). For the instrument of science, in its noblest and progressive sense, is not logic but imagination, the faculty of wonder, wherewith all religion and all philosophy begin and end.

VI.—The Practical Application of the Philosophy of Clothes.

(1). Advance in a self-conscious being involves two movements, dissatisfaction with existing conditions, and determination to reach something better. (2). And the history of Western civilisation is a record of unhappiness and discontent goading man on to higher ideals. (3). This divine restlessness is mirrored in the great and living books of our age, whilst in the books for all time the divine restlessness of all creation and all ages is reflected.

(4). *Sartor Resartus* boldly raises the veil from the face of existence and shows us the divine depths of meaning in it. (5). The philosophy

of clothes, mere development of a metaphor though it is, put the old problems so strikingly and sympathetically that it compelled attention to its solution of them. (6). With whimsical humour Carlyle approaches the gist of his gospel by means of a quaint text, the leather suit of the founder of the Quaker sect. Fox got down to the primal bases of life and preached freedom from trammels and conventions for the sake of the holiest in us ; though perhaps even the leather suit and the crusade for freedom from fashions would themselves become fashions. Churches and creeds, Carlyle holds, are but the garments of religion, to be cast off when worn out or antiquated in fashion, or when the growth of the organism demands something more suited to it.

(8). Symbols, with their superficial show and their mystic meaning, supply him with a text for a sermon on the gospel of silence. It is the silent element in man and in the universe that is the eternal, and out of long and deep silence comes all that is worthy in thought, in action, in existence. He closes his sermon with another protest against the mechanical theory of the cosmos. (9). If mechanism were everything, and calculation the whole duty of man, then there should be no such thing as the symbol, stirring the individual, the nation, the race to transcendent effort. (10). The banner as the symbol of patriotism and the cross as the symbol of Christianity are merely external and superficial compared with the hero as the symbol of God. (11). For he is an everliving fountain of new symbols, and he finds his source deeper than the faculty of observation can reach.

(12). But, great though the virtue of silence is, and all-curative the power of the hero, Carlyle feels that they have little or no bearing on the everpressing problem of poverty. So, after a sneer at Malthus and a Swiftean proposal to salt down the superfluity of able-bodied paupers for the sustenance of workhouses, he brings the fashionable panaceas of his day to bear, those of emigration and education. He fails to see that the one relieves only immediate necessity, and the other gets no nearer the social gangrene. The socialistic remedies of our day are as superficial and as temporary. (13.) He is safer and surer in his footsteps when he becomes satirical ; yet he cannot even here refrain from prophecy ; he predicts that dandyism and drudgism will, as the positive and negative electricities of the social atmosphere crash out before long in "doom's thunder."

(14). Returning to the satirical philosophy of clothes he looks upon the tailor as the one creator of society, and thinks that the world should recognise him as its hierophant, if not divinity. (15). What he means is that government, and church, in fact all society now consists of nothing but clothes. Yet he girds against *laissez-faire*, and

would make the state cure all the evils of the world. He had really no faith in such a panacea and substitutes for it first his hero-cure, and then the purgative of revolution. (16). His panaceas and those of his age were as much a fashion as the clothes he laughed at. They have given way to socialism, labour-laws, and other legislative patent medicines; which will also have their day, and then be shown up as mere quackery.

(17). Carlyle's hero-salve, his last resort, is perhaps as bad as any. For it proposes to return to the ancient ways of might and violence. It would release the god in us by means of the beast that is in the hero. (18). To cure violence by violence is a homœpathy that will only poison the community, unless administered in the minute doses of the law courts. (19). Even if we could find the proper hero, the cure is worse than the disease, as all the more recent fashionable cures of human nature and its evils are too; and even if effective, they are but temporary expedients.

(20). They all leave the source of the disease untouched. The kingdom of heaven is within the individual and not in the mass, it begins with duty and not with rights, with the purification of the heart and not of the conditions alone. And all such changes are out of the sphere of miracle or sudden conversion or sweeping legislation.

VII.—The Final Result of the Philosophy of Clothes.

(1). Every system of human aims has its solar centre that illumines and warms all the rest, and life with them. (2). So the prophet or philosopher is the solar centre of his time or country, giving it heat and light from his high place above it. (3). What elevates him so far and makes him so central in his influence is his transcendent problem that draws him out of the sphere of common thought.

(4). Carlyle's elaboration of the metaphor of clothes into a satirical philosophy was not all he had written his book for. (5). He had his destructive work to do, like all reformers, before he could rebuild his ideal. (6). But he had a positive gospel to preach. Much as he afterwards antagonised Darwinism, he based his gospel on evolution, the organic growth of the new out of the old. (7.) All is unity and community. And another primary basis of his gospel is that mankind is one; no man is isolated or free from influencing or being influenced by all. (8). These two lead him to insisting on the significance of everything we do, and the necessity of doing the duty that lies to hand as best we may, in order that we may not obstruct the progress of all towards perfection.

(9). He goes as far as to reject war as the chief occupation of the hero; but his scanty knowledge of philology led him to assert the divine right of the king as the preternaturally "knowing" man. (10). He allows so many exceptions to the divine right of kings, that the rule becomes the exception. And "might is right" is the ultimate basis and justification of his assertion. In other words, whatever or whoever has succeeded is right and comes from Heaven. Unfortunately, he mourns too often like the Psalmist over the wicked flourishing "like the green bay tree." How can the two positions be reconciled? (11). His answer is as oracular as his contradictory wisdom. Reverence the godlike. How are we to distinguish that from the diabolic or even the commonplace human? He points his readers to journalism, literature, and Goethe as guides. But there are journals and journals, a library is a medley of good and bad, and there is as much rubbish as wisdom in Goethe. After all he leaves his reader to the guidance of his own judgment.

(12). He takes heroic suffering as true worship, Nature as the divine revelation, and immensity as the temple of the godhead. (13). A miracle is but a confession of our shortness of vision, and science but the revision of our limited knowledge. Both are related to the zone of infinite darkness and mystery that surrounds life. (14). And this mystery is within probing distance of every scalpel. The commonest fact hides darkness in it, if only we rend the veil of familiarity. (15). The mystery of mysteries is the limitation of our faculties and thoughts to a special time and special place. Memory and hope, inspired by fantasy, give us foretaste of distimed and disspaced thought and life.

(16). In death the spirit has only shed the time-shadows and space-shadows. It is these that hide from us the disembodied and the divine, nay, hide from us our own spirit. (17). We dart out of the darkness into the darkness, a flash between eternities. And so brief is our life and so deep are the darknesses that bound it that we seem to have no guarantee of its continuance. (18). The senses find only things of sense; it takes spirit to discover spirit. Death is only a time-shadow that the senses throw over the soul. Nothing dies or is dead. And if there is not a spirit informing the cosmos, life is "a tale told by an idiot." (19). Why should we trust the reports of our senses on the existence of that which they with their time-shadows and space-shadows can never know? Remove the veil of time and space, and the spirit of man stands revealed in its immortality, and above and beyond it the eternal spirit of the cosmos.

I.

THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH AND CARLYLE.

1 When a man writes his autobiography, he cannot fail to introduce imaginative elements. Even into his account of the year in which he writes, strive as he may to eliminate prejudice and distorting media, he will bring a colour that others cannot find there. It is the natural prerogative of the human mind to see its own faculties and movements in a flattering light. But it is upon the past that this free right to embellish or purify most transgresses. Memory forms alliance with imagination and moves under her colours, annihilating or transforming as she bids. And the further the past is, the more easily she transfigures and glorifies. The near and immediate has an obtrusive presence that thrusts the unpleasing features of truth into our faces. But the distance lies under a haze that

takes to it a glow and splendour from extraneous lights. Against the urgent gloom and harassments of the immediate present it is Rembrandtised into beauty and happiness.

2. Still more when the autobiography is thrown into fictitious or mythical form does this prerogative take liberties with fact. It gives the noblest interpretation to even the meanest annals, omits the lurking shadows, and throws a halo round the dry and commonplace details. Yet into this semi-mythic history there comes more light from character than would flow from the unveiled ego of pure autobiography. The mind shrinks from revealing its inmost secrets to the passer-by. He is a singular character, who would "wear his heart upon his sleeve for every daw to peck at," even though he knew the curtain of death would fall between him and such highway criticism. And so every autobiographist has reserves and timidities before the undiscriminating public. In giving much, he withdraws more. He will not mar his picture by this fact, or open his life to misinterpretation by that. He knows how crass the world is in its vision, how obstinate in its adherence to its own distortions of fact. As best he can, therefore, he makes his self-portrait free from blurs or stains.

3. It is not so when the self-painter is permitted a veil of fiction to cover his egoism. He can laugh at his public, sheltered behind his fictitious creation as he is. He ceases to keep a watch over his words, lest they should go too deep in self-revelation. He may raise the curtain from the very shrine of his being and yet fear no irreverent or harsh criticism ; for it ever seems not his but his own creation's holy of holies. He may ever take refuge behind the mask which he has made like to his own character, till the reader knows not which is mask and which reality. There is thus a subtle and involved irony in such fictitious autobiographies, and a revelation of the deep mysteries of spirit that makes it far more attractive than the unmasked history of a self. And unconsciously the finer lights and shades of character creep into it ; through the unguarded imagination, emotions that would else have been shy pass into the more glowing passages. We have more valuable truth concerning the character of the author in fiction than we have in his statements of fact.

4. But concerning his own youth, a man is subject to illusions, especially in a fictitious picture of it. It becomes glorified as the years proceed. For the shadows fall deeper with the

approach to the sunset of life. Toil grows more imperative, more like a life-long slavery; and the hope of liberation becomes dimmer and dimmer. Then the heart goes out to the fast-receding years of childhood with their endless leisure. We feed upon its memories, and its little sorrows and slaveries sink out of view, the much-needed, much-girded-at discipline of its minute but fast-extending world. The solitude we feel in after life amid the infinitude of space and the limitless ocean of worlds makes sweet the security of the mother's love and the father's protection in early years. We sink into poor insignificance in the torrent of time and on the levels of boundless space; whilst in that dim-remembered past we were the cynosure of our little household sphere. And who but a world-weary man can paint the joy of spring that attaches to youth, the ever-renewing freshness of the wonders that reveal themselves each day, the prolonged delight of new sensations, the delicious first taste of the sweets of life? Who but one who has reached the outlook that is half-despairing, half hoping against hope, can paint the ectasy of young hope that looks on through endless vistas into an earthly paradise? There is no glory like that of the far-off years of youth to weary manhood.

5. Carlyle had not yet lost the definite outline of his youth when he began to write *Sartor Resartus*. He was thirty-six, dwelling lonely, like another John in his Patmos, on the upland heaths of Dumfriesshire. But he had been so buffeted about by the tempests of an uneasy and clouded manhood, that the world of his childhood seemed divided from him by an abyss; and across that abyss hung an arch of coloured gloom, wherethrough the dawn and morning of his life shone peaceful and bright. The baffling storms of beliefs that would not agree, the restless ocean of doubt whereon he had sailed so long, still held him in their power, though he seemed to have passed through the worst. Heavy clouds yet trailed along his horizon; he had no confidence that he had found his career in life; his writings scarcely gave him sustenance; a depressing ailment threw its shadow over his faculty of happiness; and the prospect of success in the world seemed as far distant as ever. His sky was anything but clear, though the most oppressive struggle, that of the spirit, had passed. It is natural, then, to expect in the earlier part of *Sartor Resartus* a glorified picture of his childhood and youth, a picture with all the painful features vanished or thrust into the background.

6. Undoubtedly he means his Teufelsdröckh to be in most respects a self-portraiture, although he afterwards professed that it was mostly mythical. It is a painful thing to have one's past discussed and rudely handled by a public only half sympathetic; and it was easy for him to think that the autobiography he had given forth was but fiction. Yet he never denied that its spiritual insights were true, its pictures of internal discipline and struggle, its lights and shadows thrown on the human nature peculiar to characters like himself. Of this at least we may be sure, that wherever an incident or trait in the life of his creation tallies with one in his own acknowledged life, we may accept its surroundings as on the whole those that he wished himself to give it. We might even go further and say that the picture was much truer, as far as it was self-portraiture, than any he could have drawn of his youth and early manhood at a later stage in the development of his character.

7. The very name of his hero reveals the attitude which Carlyle meant at that time to assume towards the world, and the nature of his method of treatment of its frivolities and sins. And though in after years, when he had gained disciples and won fame, he might have

been ashamed of it, it still gives no untruthful or exaggerated report of his peculiar genius. The surname Teufelsdröckh is the German word for assafoetida and expresses its strength of smell and offensiveness. It is acrid and bitter of taste and, though probably this fact was unknown to Carlyle, it is used like its parallel garlic in French cookery. By this he well describes the pungent humour in which it was his nature to indulge, humour that often rose into repulsiveness, if not into offensive coarseness, when his indignation was roused. Nay, it not inaptly describes the worst side of his character, as revealed in those unlucky *Reminiscences* which Froude published after his death ; there he seems to repel all, to have sympathy with none but his own relatives. Perhaps he also means its use as an anti-spasmodic in medicine to have its parallel in himself and his book, though this may approach too near to mere fancy. It is given to patients to prevent hysteria or convulsions. And certainly one of the chief aims of *Sartor Resartus*, if not of its author through life, was to teach stoicism under the evils of existence, the silent and unspasmodic performance of duty ; the true religion and function of man was not to rise in hysterical revolt against his

conditions, but to do earnestly and steadily the work that was before him; evolution, though Carlyle would have rejected the scientific meaning of the word, not revolution, was his watchword of progress. Had he known that the plant from which the physic is drawn as a resin is highly relished in the East as a vegetable, and the offensive product itself flavours the dishes of the most luxurious gourmands, he might have been more chary of introducing it with such associations as a simile for his nature.

8. The Christian or baptismal name of his hero, if it may so be called without irony, has as much significance. Carlyle at that hermit-like period of his life, when he roamed the moor-lands around Craigenputtock, was far from ashamed of any comparison with the strange cynic philosopher of Greece, Diogenes. This eccentric of ancient times trained himself to contempt of all luxuries and of all amenities of civilisation; like Carlyle at this period, he was able to live on the minimum of food and a cupful of water; and thus by the contrary process of kings, conquerors, and millionaires, he became master of the world. When taken by a pirate and sold as a slave he was asked what trade he had, he answered, "to govern

men." By his ability to live without any obligation to his fellows, and by his keen power of satiric epigram, he was able to rule the souls of those with whom he spoke; by the one faculty was he independent of them, by the other was he their superior and governor. When Alexander, the greatest ruler of his time, came to visit him, and, thinking to conciliate him, asked him if he could do him a service, all the answer he got was, "Yes, stand out of my sunshine." His austere life, his superiority to earthly conditions, his vigorous character, his penetration into the hearts of men, his sharp sayings and his acrid humour drew to him a world-wide reputation and many disciples to whom he was indifferent. If any personality of ancient times is parallel to Carlyle in our own, it is Diogenes, so solitary does he stand against the surge and current of modern civilisation, so close to the cynical comes his universal protest against modern tendencies. His often biting humour and sweeping maxims and repartees form another analogy. Whilst his self-centred philosophy and disregard for all dominions and powers and glories of his day form another similarity that is not counterbalanced by his hero-worship, inasmuch as his heroes are all dead and gone and incapable of setting the

world to rights. It is easy offering a panacea to suffering humanity, when the panacea has vanished irrecoverably in the past, easy recommending a hero as the man to save the sinking world, when he is past the prayers and appeals of his worshippers. And so Carlyle is Diogenes, protesting against everything but his own shadow.

9. That something of this kind was meant by Carlyle's choice of a name, for his hero and double, appears in no direct way throughout the book, but only in the dim half-felt atmosphere. Naming he counted of the deepest importance, influencing, if not moulding, the nature of the child. At the close of the chapter in Book II. entitled "Genesis," he discusses the significance of this name and of names in general; he believes with the father of Sterne's hero Tristram Shandy that "there is much, nay, almost all in names." "The name is the earliest garment you wrap round the earth-visiting Me;" "from without, what mystic influence does it not send inwards even to the centre, when the whole soul is yet intuitive!" "In a very plain sense the proverb says 'Call one a thief and he will steal.'" And hence he gives to his professor and hero a solitariness like that of Diogenes and a satirical and occasionally bitter cynicism symbolised by Teufelsdröckh.

10. But if the name is important in his eyes, the birth and genealogy count for little in weighing a character psychologically ; he says, "it is perhaps questionable whether from birth and genealogy, how closely scrutinised soever, much insight is to be gained." How he laughed in after-times when heraldry-hunters invented a pedigree for him, connecting his ancestor-heedless, peasant-born father with a noble family of Carlyles, far in the dim reaches of the middle ages! And how he must laugh now if his soul can penetrate into sublunary things, when he sees so much space in his biographies devoted to this imaginary genealogy. Proud he was of his peasant father, who drew his charter to the noblest of all titles, that of honest man, from God Almighty ; proud he was to paint him as a hero worthy by his sterling character and love of work to subdue the dominancy of evil in his little world. And hence he gives his hero a birth and genealogy veiled by a cloud from the vulgar eyes of ancestor-hunters ; "he seems to be of quite obscure extraction ; uncertain, we might almost say, whether of any," he says of him. He never knew his father, never knew even who his father was. And thus the satirist indicates in emblematic way the fatherlessness of all

souls, unless they acknowledge by their virtue and reverence the all-father above; he makes his double apostrophize his fellow-men, "O man born of woman, hadst thou, any more than I, a father whom thou knowest? The Adam and Eve whom thou namest father and mother, these were, like mine, but thy nursing-father and nursing mother; thy true beginning and father is in Heaven."

11. Whether old Andreas Futteral and his wife, the foster-parents of the hero, are to be identified with Carlyle's father and mother it is hard to say. The old grenadier of Frederick the Great is more like his grandfather, old Thomas Carlyle, than the stern, thoughtful, silent soul of his father. He was of the old Border-type, fond of fighting, and not always clear in his mind as to what was the right; he is described by his grandson as "a fiery man, irascible, indomitable, of the toughness and springiness of steel;" and he used to shock his serious-minded sons by reading the *Arabian Nights* and similar books in his old age. Like Andreas he was fond of telling stories of his adventurous life and fighting his battles over again in chats with his neighbours or grandchildren. And probably, like the German ex-grenadier, he was disciplined by his wife.

Gretchen, or Peggy as we would translate it, is much more like the picture Carlyle often gives of his own mother; "for all her fretting she watched him and hovered round him as only a true house-mother can;" "assiduously she cooked and sewed and scoured for him;" and no better description could he give of his own upbringing than that he makes his hero give in the chapter headed "Idyllic." "Let me not quarrel with my upbringing. It was rigorous, too frugal, compressively secluded, every way unscientific; yet in that very strictness and domestic solitude might there not lie the roots of deeper earnestness?" "Above all, how unskilful soever, it was loving, it was well-meant, honest;" "my kind mother did me one altogether invaluable service; she taught me, less indeed by word than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the Christian Faith;" "my mother, with a true woman's heart and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation religious." He lays great stress on this religious atmosphere in his home. "Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in Heaven and in Man, than a duke's son that only knew there were two and thirty quarters on the

family-coach?" This was Carlyle's "spiritual pride" as well as Teufelsdröckh's, at least in earlier manhood.

12. His paternal dwelling-place he sometimes idealises in his description of the cottage of Andreas; "a roomy, painted cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and forest-trees, evergreens, and honeysuckles." Nothing could be bleaker and barer than his father's house in Ecclefechan or his farm at Mainhill. Entepfuhl, or duck-pool, the poor little muddy way-side water compared with the great ocean of the world, is his native village, and is likewise idealised in the second chapter of Book II.; in the street of Ecclefechan there was an umbrageous old tree that might stand for the "brave old linden" of Entepfuhl; and through it ran a stream that may stand for the German "cowburn gushing kindly by, among beech-rows." But he did not need to throw a halo round the sights that often greeted his eye on the far horizon. He could hear the Solway moan out in the distance prophecies of Atlantic tempests, or sound hollow and loud with their realisation; and across it he could see, tinged with the glory of the West, the hills of Cumberland break the Southern ring of day. It is this comes in as a picture into the Idyllic

chapter; "on fine evenings I was wont to carry forth my supper (bread-crumb boiled in milk) and eat it out of doors; there (on the coping of the orchard wall) many a sunset have I, looking at the distant western mountains, consumed not without relish my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of world's expectation as day died, were still a Hebrew speech for me; nevertheless I was looking at the fair illuminated letters and had an eye for their gilding." It is the embryo-poet in Carlyle and Teufelsdröckh that appears here, the embryo-poet of the nineteenth century, full of the new sense of the beautiful spirit that lives in Nature.

13. But he acknowledges that much of the beauty and happiness of childhood is but imaginary, due to the retrospect from the harsh dusty realities of manhood. He quotes from his hero an ecstatic picture of the happy season "danced round by sweetest dreams," and full of sweet rest; but he qualifies it with this; "In such rose-coloured light does our professor, as poets are wont, look back on his childhood." Yet he proceeds to select idyllic pictures from his early years. He remembers the harvest homes of the farms around, but changes them to vintages to suit the German home of his

hero. The "short-clothes of yellow serge," "a vesture one and indivisible, reaching from neck to ankle, a mere body with four limbs" was the dress of his own boyhood. He had "friendship for cattle and poultry"; and his remembrance of the village swineherd's horn, "sounding as he drove his rout out to the village heath" was no sordid one. Another suggestive mark of the times of day and night was the passage of the London and Edinburgh coach north and south; the "Postwagen (Stage-coach) northwards truly in the dead of night, yet southward visibly at eventide," and at last bringing to the little mind the thought of "far cities" as it "wove them like a monstrous shuttle into closer and closer union." And the swallows too brought ideas of the wider flights of time, and the broader spaces; "out of far Africa threading their way over seas and mountains," "they yearly found themselves with the month of May snug-lodged in our cottage lobby"; there he watched their ways of life and saw the marvellous workings of the social instinct amongst animals. And human nature he studied in the greatest village event of the year, the divergent manners of men from other districts; this was the annual cattle fair, with its "unspeakable hurlyburly," its braying

ballad-singers, hoarse auctioneers, vaulting merry-andrews, top-booted graziers, nut-brown maids, its booths and shows. Thus time was marked off for the child, "encircled by the mystery of existence, under the deep heavenly firmament, waited on by the four golden seasons." And what gave wider meaning to these flitting scenes that told how the world stretched out and beyond his village, was "the narrative habits of Father Andreas," who with battle reminiscences, and grave, austere, yet hearty patriarchial aspect, could not but appear another Ulysses and "much enduring man." "Eagerly I hung upon his tales when listening neighbours enlivened the hearth"; "a dim world of adventure expanded itself within me." This narrative-loving old man was not Carlyle's father but his grandfather. And the satirist often tells us how fond he was in boyhood of the companionship of men and women and especially the aged. "Incalculable also was the knowledge I acquired in standing by the old men under the linden-tree; the whole of Immensity was yet new to me; and had not these reverend seniors talkative enough been employed in partial surveys thereof for nigh four score years?" It is these details of child life that Carlyle considers of the deepest

significance and not genealogy and birth. "Of a truth it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education." This is his practice in telling the lives of his heroes, to lay great stress on their early years.

14. But he looks beneath the rose-colour too. His childhood was not all happiness and rest. "Among the rainbow-colours that glowed on my horizon, lay even in childhood a dark ring of care." It was the ring of Necessity "whereby we are all begirt." His "active power was unfavourably hemmed in"—a feature that left traces on his character in harsh stoical lines; his training was too stoical, "rather to bear and forbear than to make and do." "I was forbid much; wishes in any measure bold I had to renounce." Freewill came into collision with necessity; "so that my tears flowed and at seasons the child itself might taste that rod of bitterness" which tempers all life. He told Professor Masson that he was almost always crying as a child. In fact his strong will had to be curbed by the narrow limitations of his peasant life and the equally strong will of his father. Yet he acknowledges that this cramping of his desire was good discipline;

"Obedience is our universal duty and destiny"; "Hereby was laid for me the basis of worldly discretion, nay, of morality itself"; nor was he checked too much; "in all that respects openness of sense, affectionate temper, ingenuous curiosity and the fostering of these, what more could I have wished?" And over all was his kindly mother's influence, with the beautiful atmosphere of her religion. "The highest whom I knew on earth I here saw bowed down with awe unspeakable before a Higher in Heaven."

15. Who can measure the far-echoing influence of the voices that sound through our earliest years? It is true we cannot disentangle them from the reverberations of the ages past; for down through the myriad years that lie behind us gather the dim voices of the ancestral dead into the high-roofed chambers of our souls and whisper spectral harmonies that elude our hearing like music we have heard in dreams. But it is the incidents, the sorrows and the joys of childhood, that awaken them to new life. The years that follow birth lie closer to the echoes of the lives that are no more; the young tissues and fibres seem to quiver with the music and the discords of the vanished past. The new world, on which we open our mental

vision more and more, dulls the vibrations of the beings that have sunk beneath the waters of oblivion. It is the first hour of dawn that keeps best the flitting, ghost-like memories of the sunless hours of sleep, with their strange resurrections out of the forgotten or never-experienced past. It is then the treasure-trove of dreams gets buried again by the tiding waves of incoming day, or cast high before our waking eyes, to become a new wonder and new impulse in our lives. But as the colours of the sunrise melt into the broad and neutral light of day, the mystic shadows of our other and phantasmal life flit back into the night, and we are again as others are, a part of all that we survey, plunged into the material interests and issues of the common world and stripped of all diviner influences that dimly lie in the sleep-guarded shrines of our being. So manhood blots out the dim visions of the worlds that have gone to make our world, visions that seem to haunt the stiller periods of our childhood. The subtle texture of the filmy webs the mighty past has woven for our new-born minds fails to endure the strain of the world's conflicts; before the breath of its sordid pursuits it vanishes like the morning gossamer before the sudden gale.

16. Happy it is for our being that our early years shelter beneath a mother's influence; the never-weary self-rejection of motherhood comes nearer to the great purpose of the universe. The everlasting wonder of the sacrifice it lays upon the altar of humanity has more of godhead in it than the casual care of fatherhood. It is kinship with the more benignant spirit of Nature that watches her nurslings through the generations, and keeps the race alive. Would not the nobler instincts, the dim legacy of all our ancestry, die out, if the tender tissues of childhood came too soon into contact with the coarse world-hardened nature of manhood? The rough battle of life, its sordid aims, its mean motives and interpretations, that men have to meet and share in, leave but few shreds of that ethereal vesture which heaven has wrapped round the human soul at its outset. Case-hardened and callous we turn from "sore labour's bath," from the "fog and filthy air" of worldly employments, little fit to tend the filmy texture and translucent colours the souls of our children have brought with them from the shadowy world we have forgotten. The babel of earth's gross pursuits has deafened our ears to all the spheral music that dream-like sounds along the valley of human progress.

Fatherhood may be protective, may be the stern warrior that routs the threatened foes of home ; but it has no tender side to its nature, none of the soft and sympathetic instincts that know the delicate fibres of the human soul and watch their growth into the soil of life with kindly sunshine.

17. It is motherhood that draws its never-failing fountain of self-sacrifice unconsciously from Heaven, from the great maternal heart of Nature, and feels instinctively the dim characters the past has written upon the soul of the child, characters that harsh direction or rough contact would obliterate for ever. It is the mother's atmosphere of tender self-forgetful love that woos the timid thoughts and feelings of a better being forth from the dark dream-recesses of the new-awakened spirit; it is her atmosphere of love that reflects the kindly rays of heaven in fuller strength upon the delaying instincts that would else be winter-bound. For she has the sense of the divinity of the universe within her heart ; she bows reverently in spirit before the Being that guides the awful destiny of creation ; she never questions the fiat of Providence or raises a defiant reason against the torrent of fate or the hidden decrees of omnipotence. And so she stands with her

loving faith and worship as the true symbol and earthly interpretation of the unseen godhead.

18. And where shall we learn the humanising lesson of reverence if not at that loved knee? What do all our theologies and systems of divinity and teaching and preaching of the sacred books avail for lighting the fervour of religion in the soul compared with this divine sunshine that flows about our infancy and childhood and sends the influence of the great central sun of the universe deep into the nature? Nothing but love, the undying, unconditioning love of a mother for her child can touch its heart to ecstasy for the Great Spirit whom it has not seen or known, or plant in it immortal reverence for the Divine Soul of the Universe. It is the deathless guarantee and symbol of the love that breathes through the infinite cosmos. Who shall ever truly know what worship is that does not bear through life the memories of a mother's ever-throbbing love? And who shall ever accomplish aught great or worthy that has not the soul of reverence? Alas for the works and deeds of this irreverent and sneering age! Alas for the youth that has never knelt at a mother's knee!

II.

THE YOUTH AND EDUCATION OF CARLYLE AND TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

1. We speak of education as if it began at a point in our own lives and ceased at as definite a point. The period of education is spoken of as a clear space in life; varying, it is true, in different individuals and ranks, but ever as limited and as measurable as the time of sleep. It is the division of life that is under professional guardians or guides, and undevoted to wage-earning work. And at its mention school and college are the two words that leap into our mind. There we are supposed to be given up wholly to the work of training our faculties, and thence we pass into the world in complete armour, ready for its conflicts and struggles. And to judge from the attitude of youth as it emerges from the process, its triumphant confidence, its cool superiority to all past methods and victories, its disrespect for age and average mankind, its "I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe

air," the language and theory which it implies seem to be according to fact.

2. But alas for the progress of man if it depended on the achievements of this egotistical period of life; alas for the world and its master if this were all the education men received! It is perhaps more true to say that a man's education begins when he thinks he is done with it, and that it ceases only with death. They who are complete when they issue from school or college will find natural classification only with idiots or the dead. The world is the great school of discipline, and a merciless one, too, when its scholar is intractable or slothful. The spirit must suffer penal severity as much more rigorous and cruel than the pedagogic as that is more stern than the maternal. If only the youthful spirit knew what anguish it had to bear, and justly bear, in the training the world gives, he would shrink back from the portal of manhood, as he has done from the door of the castigation room at school. Nor will the process end as long as life persists; we may rule and mould others; but our influence will come to little if we are not still subject to the ferule of destiny, and ready to learn the lessons she would teach. Let us evade our tasks, the duties that lie before us, and that grim flagellant, experience, will not spare us, with the

invisible "whips and scorns of time." There are no truants from the school of Fate; his presence is so all-pervasive, so silently indomitable.

3. There is no evading his lash except by the skill that comes from the knowledge of duty and willingness to perform it well. And these are best learned in the period of childhood and green youth, when the fibres of the mind are still in growth and all the tissues flexible. Then the soul is least culture-proof. But the will is also least able to mould it; hither and thither it reels, intoxicated by the fumes of new pleasures, or shaken by the despair of new griefs and pains. There is no iron in the youthful resolve; and hence, if left to itself, the youthful nature would grow wild and unfit for the civilised life that is to aid the progress of mankind; and yet it would be tortured by the unsatisfied longings and instincts for civilised luxuries that come to it from ancestral training. These pangs and toils and miseries of our present state are essential to the progress humanity is making out of the animal. Undoubtedly, the beast and the savage are happier, or, at least, more continuously open to passive enjoyment of life; but the happiness that comes to us in dreams is transcendent compared with theirs; and the

penalties of labour we now bear are but the preparation for unbroken sunshine of such a kind in the life of all men. It is then our duty to toil and strive; for we have drifted away from animal content, past return; and the only peace and enjoyment within our reach is ahead of us—far ahead of us.

4. If we are to make the struggle a successful one, we must strengthen the will and the nobler instincts in the green and supple stage of life; we must bend the nature in the true direction, whilst it is still soft with the sap of youth. Hence the importance of the earlier years in the process of education; hence the claim of the first period of life to the term, to the exclusion of all other periods. We are then as clay in the hands of the potter; and only those who have known the wisdom of the past can guide us. Discipline by a profession of teachers is a means of bringing the concentrated will and experience of the past to bear on the embyro of the future. How imperfect it has been it is easy to realise; how great and noble it might be made is not so easy to discover. Only the wisest and most self-controlling and most representative of all that is best in humanity should be admitted to this post of vantage over the destiny of the race.

How to find them and how to ensure their entrance into the profession is one of the countless problems that lie unsolved before us. But till all the greatness and dignity and self-sacrifice of the world, not by haphazard as now, but by a law of nature, seek the control of the springs of progress, the training of youth, the advance of the world will be but slow.

5. It is with the consciousness of the futility of education as it has been that Carlyle writes his chapter on pedagogy. The very title reveals a certain contempt for the profession, that may, however, have come as much from his own experiences in it, as from his education by it. And he must have been a difficult boy to discipline; for he had the silently obstinate pride and sensitiveness of the Carlyles, flaming out with passion at wrongs real or imaginative, and open to quick suspicions and prejudices that were hard to remove. There was little in him of his mother's meek and chastened, though vigorous and thoughtful, character. Like his father, he had a mind and temper of his own from his earliest years. And thus there was in him the stuff for explosions, as well with master as with comrades. The discipline of school is as inconsiderate of differences of character as a rule of thumb; while that of

such a mother as Carlyle's was guided by love and the thoughts that love prompts. Thus the storms that passed harmless through his nature in childhood, shook it to the core in boyhood; and he makes his Teufelsdröckh rise into genuine poetry over the memory of his first few years—the years in his home; whilst he makes him critical, if not bitter, over the years of his education. The many tears he shed are recorded in one extract from his hero's autobiography. "He wept often, indeed to such a degree that he was nicknamed the tearful (*der weinende*), which epithet, till towards his thirteenth year, was indeed not quite unmerited." But the persecutions at times grew intolerable. He had given his mother a promise that he would not return a blow; and this, instead of saving the shy undersized boy from persecution, only increased it. At last his temper was tried till it broke; and he had a battle with one of the bullies of the school; and, though defeated, he made it a painful victory for his adversary; leaving reminiscences on his shins that reduced his subsequent trials. So of Teufelsdröckh he says, "Only at rare intervals did the young soul burst forth into fire-eyed rage and with a stormfulness (*Ungestüm*) under which the boldest quailed, assert that he, too, had rights of Man, or at least Mankin."

6. With all his fitful temper and outbursts of passion, Carlyle had in him, like his hero, a strong tendency to passivity; not languor or idleness, but a preference for thought above action, for quiet introspection above the bustle of life. "For the shallow-sighted," he says, "Teufelsdröckh is oftenest a man without activity of any kind, a no-man; for the deep-sighted, again, a man with activity almost superabundant; yet so spiritual, close-hidden, enigmatic, that no mortal can foresee its explosions or even, when it has exploded, so much as ascertain its significance." This exactly describes the Carlyle of boyhood and youth, as painted by himself and others, and it is far from unlike the spasmodic bursts of talkativeness of the Chelsea philosopher; he had long periods of silence, nay taciturnity, alternating with volcanic eruptions of dogmatic eloquence. There was "something of an almost Hindoo character" in much of our philosopher's history, which means that he was almost as self-absorbed at times as a Brahmin trying by contemplation to reach the ecstasy of ultimate deliverance from the body. This was a characteristic of all the Carlyles, this damming up of the thought by silence, till it burst forth in uncontrollable passion.

7. It was this that made their education by schools and schoolmasters so insignificant beside their self-education. Most teachers are satisfied if they supply the memory and tongue with grist that will keep them going, heedless of the faculties that lie dormant or languid till the world awakes them. And the youthful philosopher must have puzzled his by his enigmatic stillness, that might seem to some obstinacy. Hence he makes his hero say: "Of the insignificant portion of my education which depended on schools there need almost no notice be taken. I learned what others learn." Carlyle's mother, though she did not learn writing till late in life, taught him reading earlier than he could afterwards remember. And of his hero, he says: "Reading he cannot remember ever to have learned." His first schoolmaster knew no Latin. and the son of the clergyman taught him his rudiments. But his best training was his own reading. Like his Teufelsdröckh, "what printed thing soever he could meet with, he read; his very copper pocket money he laid out on stall literature." "History in authentic fragments lay mingled with fabulous chimeras, wherein also was reality." His genius, in fact, already showed the imaginative-historical and biographical

tendency that ever marked it. And as early as his twelfth year he had begun to mingle philosophy with imagination, meditating on "the grandeur and mystery of time and its relation to eternity," as evidenced in the little brook "that flowed and gurgled" through his village, and had flowed and gurgled before "Joshua forded Jordan."

8. No wonder that his teachers reported well of him; and doubtless like his young likeness "pronounced him a genius fit for the learned professions; and that he must be sent to the gymnasium and one day to the University." The Hinterschlag or Whip-behind Gymnasium of *Sartor Resartus* is the Annan Academy of history, whither he was taken by his father when he was ten years of age. One incident of that "red, sunny Whitsuntide morning," when he trotted by his father's side into the main street of Annan, was emblematic of his own persecution for the four years he stayed there; "a little dog in mad terror was rushing past; for some human imps had tied a tin kettle to its tail;" fate made it notable for a moment at the expense of its agony; and so it is ever with human pursuit of fame. Here began at a public school, as Shelley's began, his struggle with tyranny and wrong, and his

experience of the bitterness of life as it is. He afterwards counted the first two years of his time there "amongst the miserable of his life." Like Teufelsdröckh, he had plenty of moral courage, but "succeeded ill in battle and would fain have avoided it"; for he was of small personal stature," though "incredibly nimble in passionate seasons," and he thought that "if it was disgraceful to be beaten, it was only a shade less disgraceful to have so much as fought,"—his mother's precept. And so his schoolfellows obeyed the impulse of rude nature, which bids "the strong tyrannise over the weak." Convention veils or tempers this instinct amongst grown civilised men; but it is none the less there. And Carlyle, defender though he afterwards grew of the maxim that might is right, cannot throughout his life express his disgust strongly enough at its application in school-life; "Unspeakable is the damage and defilement I got out of those coarse, unguided, tyrannous cubs."

9. Nor can he express too strongly his contempt for the teaching supplied, its wretched material and its mechanical methods. "My teachers were hide-bound pedants, without knowledge of man's nature or boy's." "How can an inanimate, mechanical, gerund-grinder,

the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured in Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of mind, which grows, not like a vegetable but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of spirit?" If his teachers recognised any spiritual faculty it was only memory, which "could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch-rods." Unfortunately, this was too true of most teachers of the time, if not of all time; nay, the last, at least, is acknowledged to be true of Carlyle himself when he was a schoolmaster. He was decidedly harsh and corporeal in his methods; and through all his writings we recognise the attitude of swinging the birch over delinquent mankind. Thus even the prophet and sage of our time has in practice to accept the methods he condemns in theory; and he threw up the profession in disgust before he had gone far in it. The problem of applying the true spiritual method after it is found, and of bringing the vital and inspired teacher to our youth is even more difficult than finding the hero who can conquer a world. For there is much that is past calculation in the movements of the human spirit, especially before it is fully developed, and the problem is not solved by laments over

the waste of our earlier years. Carlyle sees one condition that must precede the solution; it is that men honour the profession above all others; ineffective it is "and so it will ever be . . . . till communities and individuals discover, not without surprise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by knowledge can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces by gunpowder; that there should be world-honored dignitaries, and, were it possible, true God-ordained priests for teaching."

10. In his life, though not in *Sartor Resartus*, he makes one exception in favour of his mathematical teachers. He has nothing but scorn for the teaching of languages both in school and university; but he learned "some geometry, algebra, arithmetic thoroughly well at Annan Academy"; whilst he advanced so far in mathematics at the University and afterwards that, when he was twenty-nine, he translated Legendre's *Geometry* from the French and prefixed to it a valuable introduction on "Proportion," whilst, at a later stage, on the strength of his mathematical attainments, he applied for a professorship of astronomy, though without success. Of his teachers in the subject he also speaks warmly, of Mr. Morley in Annan, "whom he loved

much and who taught him well," and of Professor Leslie who "had some genius in his business and awoke a certain amount of enthusiasm in me." And this is not an uncommon experience in youth with those who have strong literary instincts. One reason is that mathematics needs no connection with the living character of its teacher as languages do; all he needs is energy and honesty in performing his work, provided he can solve his problems; its method of teaching came with its discovery; and the mathematical scholar, if he have powers of discipline, can always communicate what he has learned, it is so definite and methodical in its nature. In teaching languages, especially the newer languages, every teacher has to invent his own method, and he may go astray at a thousand points; whilst, if the thoughts and emotions that come through their medium are not made ethically powerful by having fertilised the mind of the teacher, his whole office will degenerate into lifeless gerund-grinding and word-legerdemain. Moreover in the transition stage of doubt, through which most thoughtful men must pass in youth, it is pleasant to feel the feet on some solid ground; the results are so absolute and unquestionable in mathematics, that we seem at

last to have found immovable truth. But unless it absorb all the intellect and kill thought and feeling, there is no rest to be found in it; it has nothing living or real in its truth, nothing that connects itself with character or our life of belief. And soon the flood of doubt sweeps in again upon our soul and we have our refuge again to find. So it was with Carlyle; he had to wander over the face of modern literature before he could at last, guided by Goethe, find rest for his feet in true wisdom, in the wisdom of tolerance and of work above the narrow issues of the common world.

11. Even during his school and university years, his real education lay outside of the scholastic work. He "went about, as was his old wont, among the craftsmen's workshops, there learning many things." And we know that the incident he ascribes to Teufelsdröckh occurred in his own boyhood; he "lighted on some small store of curious reading, in the cooper's house where he lodged." This was especially the novels of Smollett; the characters in these were often taken as analogues for the people around him; and he could years after recall with pleasure the reading of *Roderick Random* on a mossy bank as the sun westered.

But a still greater teacher than books was at work—experience, and especially grief and immortal farewell. He punctuates the transition between school and college life in his hero's history with the death of his foster-father, Andreas Futteral; it was in "the third year of his gymnastic period." And his reflections are doubtless Carlyle's own over the first inroad of death into his life. We know that he was deeply impressed by the sight of the dead face of his uncle. And probably he began to feel before he left school the meaning of the inexorable word "Never," and the sense of the grave as a bed of rest. Then, too, doubtless, he began to feel, like his hero, his separation from other men, the solitude of great imagination. "Sorrow and wonder here suddenly united could not but produce abundant fruit." "I was like no other." Hence the solitary nature of his life as a sage and prophet.

12. It was solitude he needed through all his life as the condition of successful utterance. And, when he felt the stimulus of ambition in the University classes, he was maimed by the necessity of having to shine in the crowded and noisy class-rooms, and so he never took any prizes, even in mathematics where he was so

excellent. He left school at fourteen, and on the advice of his teachers, who thought well of his talents, he was sent to Edinburgh University. It was doubtless this incapacity of showing the strength within him, where he had to compete with crowds, that stirred his savage scorn of University teaching. Here there should have been some test to bring out great powers of imagination even in the most timid; but there was none; and he had to satisfy himself with the reputation he could gather in a small circle of ambitious but disappointed youths like himself—he who was tingling with the desire for literary fame. It was the same absence of an unconventional test for originality amongst critics that kept him so long obscure in the literary world. He would rather, during the first and shadowy half of his life, have addressed an audience through a professorship, where timidity and fear of affectation would have vanished in the sense of duty; and he made frequent attempts to gain such a platform. It was only under the goad of threatening starvation that he was driven into the profession of literature; for there is nothing so galling or humiliating for the man of original thought as the necessity of begging the publishers, and through them the public, to

let him have an audience; he seems to put himself on a level with the quack who mounts his rostrum in the public streets and bawls out the merits of his pills. Self-advertisement is the most torturing of all expedients for the man who knows he has power unrecognised within him. At last when he was close on his fiftieth year he obtained an audience and was able to address it as a professional teacher without injury to his self-respect. This longed-for leverage he symbolises in the life of his hero; he makes Teufelsdröckh a professor of things in general at the University of "Who-knows-where." Carlyle prelected through his books on all kinds of subjects, without localisation of his chair.

13. Doubtless as a student he felt within him the living capacity of affecting the character of students if only he had the point of vantage of a professor. His scorn was all the greater that the teachers of his university failed so completely in their mission. And the scorn finds vigorous expression in his *Sartor Resartus*. This is how he describes his *Alma Mater*; "Had you, anywhere in Crim Tartary, walled in a square enclosure, furnished it with a small ill-chosen library, and then turned loose into it eleven-hundred Christian striplings, to tumble

about as they listed from three to seven years; certain persons under the title of professors being stationed at the gates, to declare aloud that it was a university, and exact considerable admission fees—you had . . . in spirit and result some imperfect resemblance of our High Seminary." "These professors in the Nameless lived at ease, with safety, by a mere reputation constructed in past times." "They, themselves, needed not to work; their attempts at working at what they called educating, now when I look back at it, fill me with a certain mute admiration." "The hungry young looked up to their spiritual nurses; and for food were bidden eat the east wind. What vain jargon of controversial metaphysic, etymology and mechanical manipulation falsely named science, was current there, I, indeed, learned better perhaps than the most."

14. His best education lay outside of college. These young Scotch students, most of them but boys, had to lead a Spartan life of poverty and self-control that was invaluable to them when they entered the world. They were so close to the realities of existence that they learned to scorn all affectation and to retreat upon the fundamental principles of morality. "Thus from poverty does the strong educe

nobler wealth; thus in the destitution of the desert does our young Ishmael acquire for himself the highest of all possessions, that of self-help." Nothing describes Carlyle better than "our young Ishmael"; for with his solitary pride and his keen power of irony, "his hand was against every man and every man's hand against him." But self-help was the weapon with which he was strongest. It is that which makes the Scotch student strong, and with his poverty it gives him the democratic sense which takes all men of equal talent as equal. By the natural magnetism of this feeling, Carlyle found the companionship of other thoughtful youths of the same way of thinking. "Among eleven-hundred Christian youths, there will not be wanting some eleven eager to learn." "By collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain polish, was communicated; by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting than to thinking and reading." His best opportunity was the college library; "from the chaos of that library I succeeded in fishing up more books, perhaps, than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid." But the best thing he learned was "from the writing to construe the writer," to study human

nature in the books ; and this saved him from the fate of the bookworm, who feeds on the dead texture of the books he reads and forgets the living personality behind them. The mere scholar reads merely for the language or for the piles of dead facts he may store up in his mind; the true student reads for inspiration, for human warmth, for light upon the natures around him and upon the history that is forming. From his reading Carlyle began to map out for himself a "certain ground plan of human nature and life," merely mechanical as was natural in a university that was full of the eighteenth century rationalism, yet a ground-plan. He was soon repelled by the talk about "progress of the species, dark ages, prejudice, and the like" from the chair of philosophy, soon driven by its hostility to mysticism or the lofty spiritual interpretation of the universe, into "sick impotent scepticism." It was an age of unbelief, of denial, and he was soon wild with the "fever paroxysms of doubt."

15. It is the dead mechanic exercise that kills the soul and gives us bad dreams, dreams of chaos in belief, and of helmlessness in the universe. We are not made to live within the dark cavern of a fixed and moveless creed. Our souls, if they are to live, must have a

living vesture that will change with its changes and grow with its growth. The eighteenth century had abandoned faith and built up a mechanical theory of the universe; and the result was that, when the details were found to fit but loosely to facts, the world became chaos again, the soul was thrown back upon its primeval gloom. And universities are the most conservative of all human institutions after the Church. They hug the old superstitions and exploded methods, long after the rest of the world have abandoned them. Thus in the university of our satirist, the eighteenth century lingered far into the nineteenth. The old phrases of rationalistic deism still served it for watchwords, long after a nobler and more fervid belief had caught the European mind and kindled its enthusiasm. Instead of the hermit-crab that the theologians of the fast-vanishing era imagined the deity to be, a cold unsympathetic dweller within a universe that was a lifeless shell, there had come into the newer minds a more inspiring thought; a living spirit now dwelt within the tissues of creation and the history of the world was but one manifestation of its vital power; through the vast array of planets that nightly astonish the souls of thinking men, there was no more

a mere dead law to keep them in their courses, but a wondrous living force, in whose atmosphere "they lived and moved and had their being"; those eyes that for centuries had seemed to look down from the vault of gloom, as cold as wintry lights, now filled with divine tears over the heart-rending spectacle of human woe or smiled as divinely over the joy of summer or the glad fortune that often sweetened human life; they were now the symbols and the sympathising looks of the higher being towards whom the soul of man reaches out that it may attain; with their silvery glance they seemed to tell of a life beyond life, of a sublimer meaning in human destiny, of great issues stretching out beyond our narrow horizon into infinitude.

16. Within the bosom of this young student this change was working, and though it seemed to be warred against by the fantastic antagonism to all creeds exhibited by the French Revolutionists, it was closely connected with the Revolution, or rather with the movement that culminated in that volcanic outburst. It swept away the selfish incrustations of centuries, the false media that colored and distorted the eyes of men. It led thought to the inner shrine of manhood; it showed to the astonished eyes

of mankind what humanity consisted in. It tore off the wrapping of title and wealth and power which long custom had wound around the human soul and revealed it in all its integrity. The brotherhood of all men stood out in strong relief; sorrow for the woes of the poor and down-trodden shone above the long gloom of tyrannous centuries; out through the world went the herald of freedom and blew his trumpet over the maimed and beaten slaves; and from the lacerated and toil-worn limbs the chains have been falling through the generations since; liberty was the cry that was sounding through the lands; liberty echoed with pathetic note over the piteous spectacle of human labour that had no joy before it but the rest of the grave; liberty was about to be the goal of all mankind; nor have we yet attained its full and true significance; still do its very preachers and champions in their fervour violate its pure spirit; still does the foul contagion of tyranny spread through the ranks of the army that fights against it. Perchance in some ideal state hereafter men shall attain to that freedom of all which shall interfere with the freedom of none.

17. But even at the beginning of this century, in the breast of one who was to become the champion of the slave-owner and

the worshipper of might, this leaven of freedom was working. He threw over the mechanical theory of the creation that had ruled all thought for a century. He would have no more to do with an emotionless God that had no heart for the worlds he had made. Life, life he claimed for the moving principle of the universe as for man ; the soul as the essence and inherent power of all. And, as he gazed from this point of vantage over the spectacle of human toil and suffering, the sense of the brotherhood of all men came into his heart. He could now weep the tears that had been pent-up within him, their fountain choked and dried by the lifeless, barren theology of the time that was passing. He could now feel the heart-rending fate of the myriads that were so weary and heavy-laden, that claimed only a grave as their share of the blessings of the earth. His spirit throbbed with the agony that had moaned through human history. He knew that the palpitating orbs of night had a heart that beat in unison with all that was true and noble. He knew that the world and its countless life had a meaning far beyond the mechanical formulæ that had stood for science. And he set himself to know the loftier soul that lived and breathed in the actions of the great and heroic.

III.

THE EARLY MANHOOD OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH AND CARLYLE.

1. It is one of the most awkward crises in life when the so-called period of education has closed, and, completely armed, we are expected to go out into the battle of the world. We know our armour is but of pasteboard, fit for nothing but the mimic struggles of school and college; and, though we see little of the real nature of the existence we are about to enter, we suspect that it demands more than theatrical weapons of defence and offence. But there is high hope to spur us on and the exaggerated expectations of our friends. Much capital has been sunk in our equipment and some return is looked for. We stand as it were upon a precipice which overlooks the golden city; the haze, that lies far below us, now opens and reveals the bustling crowds that struggle and push for very life and

perhaps for some visionary crown of glory, and again overspreads the whole scene and leaves us to guess what its features are. Down we have to go into that dim valley of labour as others have gone before us. But how to descend, and where, are left to the accident of birth and locality. Few can afford to retreat again into the sweet security of solitude and home. Few can choose the career that will fit their faculties ; for few have been taught to discover what are their special faculties. Haphazard guides us, and haphazard favours few. Only when it is too late, we, most of us, find that the wrong path has been taken ; and then, if we return, life is half sped, and the years will not come back to us again. We must face the contest we have stumbled on ; and our fortune is exceptional if the grave be not a welcome rest.

2. There is something amiss in our scheme of youthful training that leaves the possibilities of our natures so little ascertained. Horses and dogs we can classify long before they are mature and we know exactly what each is fitted for ; and all the energies of the trainer are bent to develop it in a fixed direction, whilst seldom or never is there a blunder made. But with the youth of human species, endowed though

they are with the power of self-analysis and the capacity of speech, we have to be content if in occasional cases they stumble into the career that suits them. Years do we spend on training the faculties, without knowing what these faculties are, which are strong and which are weak, which are worth developing and which are almost absent. Every schoolboy knows, before he is many years at school, what muscles he has in full force and what athletic amusements he is fitted to shine in. But we are satisfied to let him dawdle into manhood without clear knowledge of his inner and real self, without gauging or testing in any serious way the powers of thought he has.

3. Surely there are differentiating elements in all youthful natures as there are in those of manhood, elements that would by their predominance or weakness classify them sufficiently for the various pursuits of life, and enable teachers to develop what is needed and to leave alone what will ultimately vanish by lack of use in after life. Surely some higher type of education will be systematised fit to serve the primary purpose of all training, the discovery of the proportion that the faculties in each hold to one another. It is no credit to our nineteenth century progress that we have still to

leave this function to the hazard of life. Our plan of surrendering the measurement of the nature and its powers to caprice and chance is little better than the old test for witchcraft of throwing the accused into the water and seeing whether they sank or swam.

4. It was the haphazard character of education that left Carlyle so long struggling with the world, ignorant of what he was fit for, incapable of finding his career. He was conscious of great powers within him; but what they were he had not been taught to know. His first guide was simply the desire of his parents, who thought that their cleverest child should enter the church, at one time the only great career for talent unfit for war, and, for talent in the lower ranks of society, the only career. In mediæval times the problem had been reduced to its simplest form; two paths lay open to youths with exceptional power; if the boy had strong will, vigorous muscle, and high birth, then there was little doubt of his success in the innumerable wars of those times; but if he had keen intellect, he had to become an ecclesiastic; and the king and the church soon shook the various kinds of talent into their place. But by Carlyle's time the professions had parted into more than two; there were those of politics,

the law, education, commerce, journalism, and the navy, as well as war and the church. And there were still fewer means now of ascertaining how far a boy was fitted for one or other of these. As far as Carlyle was concerned, his birth and poverty narrowed them down to five; only the wealthy could enter the army, the navy, or parliament with any chance of success. And the old tradition still lingered amongst the peasantry of Scotland that the only channel for ability was the church. Next to it came the law, although that too required, to some extent, money or influence. Commerce was a side issue that led many into it; but there was still about it the taint of the sordid pursuit of wealth. Journalism and teaching were left; but the former had scarcely yet crystallised into a profession; only great and exceptional writers were honoured; the rest were looked upon as poor hacks, ever eager to save themselves from starvation by dishonourable shifts.

5. Thus Carlyle was practically driven to choose between two, the church and the school. And by the close of his university course he had almost come to the conclusion that he and the clerical profession were unsuited to each other. But he had to proceed through the Divinity course of four or six years still before he had

to make his final decision. Hence he drifted on indecisive, delivering an annual test sermon, for three years, before he abandoned the thought of the church; in March 1817, he found the official absent to whom he had to pay his fee, and he "allowed the last feeble tatter of connection with clerical outlooks to fall definitely to the ground." And this was one of the greatest heart-breaks to his parents.

6. Another experiment with his nature came to a close in like manner not long after. He set himself to teaching in 1814, when he was nineteen years of age. He was appointed mathematical master in his old school at Annan, and he distinguished himself by his solitary habits, and the gradual growth of disgust at his new profession. Yet he remained two years there, his chief consolations being his nearness to his loved mother, his correspondence with his old college comrades, and his books. We can see from the letters of his friends that he was still clinging to the idea that mathematics was his vocation; but his whole nature was turning in the direction of the problems of the world, ethical, political, and religious. Hume's Essays were absorbing his thoughts and breaking up his old tenets. The French Revolution, the fall of Napoleon, and the misery throughout

the country were drawing his mind out from his books to the life they described or generalised. But his best relief was in pouring his bitterness out in irony and satire and epithet into his letters; there he felt he was a master; in all other spheres he was overcome by his material. His whole soul was getting stirred by the ambition for eminence in literature; shy he was of attempting it, afraid lest his attempts should be failures; yet that was the one prayer of his heart. In a letter to one of his comrades, Thomas Murray, in 1814, he makes a mild protest against the idea of his ever attaining to eminence, but adds:—"Yet think not, because I talk thus, that I am careless of literary fame. No, Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish, the wish of being known has been the foremost"; and he prays, "Oh Fortune! grant me that, with a heart of independence unyielding to thy favours and unbending to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame; and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a king." His letters allowed him to feel his strength and to practise it. And, although he sat up till far in the morning, tearing his way through Newton's *Principia* and evidently thought he would make his bread by mathematics, his

heart was in literature, especially the literature of ethical thought. He had not yet come to see how much there was in Shakespeare and other imaginative writers. But books like Rousseau's *Confessions*, he afterwards said, discovered to him that he was not a dunce.

7. Towards the end of 1816 he entered on a new error of his existence; for he was appointed master of a school set up at Kirkcaldy in opposition to that of Edward Irving, who afterwards flamed up before the world as preacher, religionist, and prophet; and he became the close friend of this striking personality. Here he first knew what true spiritual intercourse was. In his Reminiscences he tells how much it meant to him, solitary there as elsewhere in all his tendencies. Along the beach they walked daily and plunged into the mysteries of existence together. And gradually he found that his project of spending most of his spare time on mathematics had to be given up; philosophy and history became more deeply interesting for him; and Gibbon especially, borrowed from Irving's library, shook his beliefs to their foundations; the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* deeply interested him with the significance of history, and with its still irony strengthened his own sarcastic faculty

and killed many fancies that had been dear to him. And it was just after this that he abandoned all idea of preaching a creed which he felt ill able to defend. His schoolmastering experiment was coming to an end too. For, when Irving left in 1818, Carlyle felt himself compelled to explain, "I must cease to be pedagogue;" and, though he saw no other door open to him, he resigned, and retreated to Edinburgh in October, with a capital of £90, which he had saved from the flagellant profession; his resolve was strong; "better die than be a schoolmaster for one's living."

8. He could live like a Spartan; but yet he felt he must have a recognised means of livelihood; he thought of a new profession, that of civil engineering, and studied mineralogy for a time; but this too was given up after having drawn him into learning German. With many humiliations and as many torpedo-shocks from the trodden worm for his would-be humiliators, he managed to get some private pupils and eke out a living, aided by supplies of provisions from his father's farm at Mainhill. Then he thought of his last professional chance, that of law, and attended law lectures at the University, only to find as strong a loathing rise in him at his new pursuit. Deep dejection he fell into;

whilst a new enemy, dyspepsia, attacked him from the side of the body ; for years he felt as if a rat was gnawing at the pit of his stomach. "I was entirely unknown in Edinburgh circles, solitary, eating my own heart, fast losing my health too, a prey to nameless struggles and miseries, which have yet a kind of horror in them to my thoughts, three weeks without any kind of sleep, from impossibility to be free from noise." Irving, too, soon left the northern capital and became Dr. Chalmers's assistant at Glasgow. And all the world of labour was in a ferment, wages low, food at famine prices, thousands starving. The spectacle embittered him all his life against the economic laws of the civilised world. He spent "three of the most miserable years of his life." For he was likewise deep in the agony of chaotic beliefs making effort to raise themselves into order. He spent his vacations partly on his father's farm, and partly with Edward Irving, struggling, agonising against the contradiction between his feelings and his reason with regard to religion. His correspondence reveals how terrible was the conflict.

9. But order was about to issue out of the chaos. He had translated Legendre's treatise from the French ; and athough his notice of a

mathematical book was rejected by the *Edinburgh Review*, Brewster, afterwards Sir David Brewster, found him out and gave him work to do on the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. It was mere hack work, involving much reading in the Advocates' Library and much drudgery in making abstracts, but it was a good discipline for his after career, and it helped him to decide on his profession, that of writing books, whilst moulding his tastes towards biography and history ; for most of the sixteen articles which he contributed were biographical or historical. It was his new German studies, however, that were of most importance for his future. About the time he began to know German (1820), its fiction and drama were exceedingly popular in England. He acknowledged to a correspondent that it had revealed "a new heaven and new earth" to him. In 1821 he offered Longmans to translate Schiller's *Thirty Years War*, and in 1822 he wrote an essay for the *New Edinburgh Review* on Goethe's *Faust*, an essay shallow and crude. Through the influence of Irving, who was now a preacher in London, he got his *Life of Schiller* admitted in parts to the *London Magazine* of 1823. But, as Carlyle himself says, this was "an insignificant book." For Schiller had no gospel for

him or even any power over his style; and his own peculiar faculties were late in developing. It was Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* that first revealed his heart and its workings to his thought. It was in 1824 that he had his translation of it published. And by that time, through his study of its author, he had reached a calmness and tolerance of belief, and he had found that he could still exercise reverence in life. Richter, the novelist, had taught him the power of humour and of figurative expression, and Fichte had taught him the true meaning of life as but the outer form of the divine idea.

10. He had also reached firmer ground in the practical world. Irving had got him a lucrative tutorship, in 1822, to the Buller family, and he trained the mind of the promising young Charles Buller till 1825. Moreover he had been introduced by the same staunch friend to his old pupil Jane Welsh of Haddington, and for several years the mutual respect had been deepening into something like love; this relationship culminated, in spite of the narrow means of the two, in marriage in 1826. They settled in Edinburgh and he began to contribute to the reviews. But after applying unsuccessfully for a chair in St. Andrew's University, and one in University College, London,

he removed in 1827 with his wife to her small ancestral farm in Dumfriesshire, Craigenputtock; and there he wrote *Sartor Resartus*. But already, when he was a youth at Kirkcaldy, he had had an affair of the heart. Margaret Gordon, a poor orphan, had come from New Brunswick to stay with her aunt and was greatly impressed with his power and his character; but her aunt refused to allow an engagement, and they parted. He afterwards wrote of her:—"She was of the fair-complexioned, softly elegant, witty and comely type;" and "to me she continued for perhaps three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy, on the usual romantic, or latterly, quite elegiac and silent terms."

11. It is undoubtedly this episode of his life, mingled perhaps with colouring from his wooing and marriage of Jane Welsh, that he embodies in the chapter of his hero's life headed Romance. For the fiction is in the main outline exactly the same as the fact told by him in meagre sketch long afterwards in his *Reminiscences*; there marriage and long years had almost obliterated the memory, or at least sunk it into insignificance. And we may take the romance of Teufelsdröckh, coming as it did a few years after the affair, as far the truer representation

of the early passion. Naturally he introduces features that would deprive the picture of its directly personal element. He makes Blumine a brunette, whilst Margaret Gordon was a blonde, and the duenna a cousin, whilst that of the young Canadian was an aunt.

12. Much philosophy he has on the nature of love, its likeness to religious worship, its approximation of the like and unlike, and the power it has in youth through that infinite faculty, fantasy. Full of such thoughts and elements of irritability, passion, and fancy, Teufelsdröckh needed only the approach of the actual embodied flame to light the resultant gunpowder. Soon it became manifest "that our philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in love." "He loved once, not wisely but too well, and once only. "The first love, which is infinite, can be followed by no second like unto it." Blumine, the name he gives her, though, as he says, fictitious, has a certain relation to Margaret; it means goddess of flowers, and Margaret is the old name for the daisy. She was like Margaret too, "young, hazel-eyed, beautiful and someone's cousin; high-born and of high spirit; but unhappily dependent and insolvent; living perhaps on the not too gracious bounty of moneyed

relatives." The hero was introduced to her in the garden-house of her guardian's mansion, amid "the choicest party of dames and cavaliers." He had heard of her before, "her gifts, graces, and caprices," and he had seen "that light yet so stately form" "only as a magic vision, for him unaccessible, almost without reality." "Her sphere was too far from his." In "far less agitating scenes" our still friend had "shrouded up his tremors and flutterings in a safe cover of silence and perhaps of seeming stolidity." But now he rose to the occasion; "his guiding genius inspired him.' He struck adroitly into the stream of conversation and led it. And by his "diogenic utterances" he persuaded into silence "a bore who had been wearying the company with his philistinism." She repaid him with a glad smile; nay, was "there not a slight tremor in that silver voice" and "a transient blush" on her cheeks? "The conversation took a higher tone; one fine thought called forth another;" "the burden was rolled from every heart." "To our friend the hours seemed moments; holy was he and happy." "At parting the Blumine's hand was in his; in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again which was

not contradicted ; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn."

13. Diogenes was now "flame-clad, scaling the upper heaven, and verging towards insanity, for prize of a high-souled brunette, as if the earth held but one, and not several of these." He felt love to be "a discerning of the infinite in the finite, of the idea made real ;" fantasy was "the true heaven-gate and hell-gate of man." In town they met again ; day after day she shone on him ; and her smile gave him confidence in himself for the first time. She was to him a morning star. "Pale doubt fled away to the distance ; life bloomed up with happiness and hope." Even in the "meagre, hunger-bitten philosophy" of the duenna cousin, "the religion of young hearts was from the first faintly approved of." Yet what was this poor youth to do with a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh ? He had no "prospect of capital" to "keep the human kitchen warm." And the "divine Blumine resigned herself to wed some richer." One morning he found her "all dimmed and dusky red" "as if she had been weeping ;" she said in a tremulous voice "we are to meet no more." Expostulations, entreaties, indignations were all vain ; and at last his

stung pride helped him; with sternness he exclaimed, "Farewell then, Madam;" "she put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to her eyes; in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed into one —for the first time and for the last." "Thus was he made immortal by a kiss." And then his soul fell into night and chaos again. He set out a pilgrim into the cold world to seek some other resting place, some other balm for his wounds.

14. But he was hard-pressed in other ways too. He had made his plunge into life and found no sure footing. His attempts at reaching a profession had, like his author's, been of little account, he was "so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desire, yet here so poor in means." Yet "certain established men were aware of his existence" when he left the university; "isolated, shy, retiring as he was, he had not altogether escaped notice." He made acquaintance with a young person of quality, from the interior parts of England, Herr Towgood, or rather Toughgut, connected with the German Count von Zähdarm, which also means "tough gut" or strong in stomach. This is evidently the typical young

Englishman from the public schools, such as Carlyle had to tutor in Charles Buller, the youthful John Bull trained to athletics and comfortable digestion, but to little else. This Toughgut "had a fair talent, unspeakably ill-cultivated;" "he knew nothing except boxing and a little grammar." Like Charles Buller at Edinburgh University, "he had travelled" to Teufelsdröckh's university "in the almost frantic hope of perfecting his studies." Often would they condole over the hard destiny of the young, turned out with no attribute of manhood but a beard. "Often also their talk was gay; not without brilliancy and even fire." "Towards this young, warm-hearted, strongheaded, and wrongheaded" student "I was even near experiencing the now obsolete sentiment of friendship." But he soon understood the new time and its wants; if man's soul is, according to Utilitarian philosophy, a kind of stomach, then spiritual union is but an eating together. Thereafter, Herr Toughgut vanishes from the autobiography. And the only wreckage from the friendship was a little patronage from his noble relatives, her ladyship inviting him, when almost starving, to an aesthetic tea; she acted the patron of literature and art; her husband

thought the world would be perfect if journalism were uprooted, and, as Teufelsdröckh's epitaph upon him informs us, he shot during his life time 5,000 partridges and turned a hundred million pounds of food into earth. His death broke even this slender connection with the aristocracy.

15. The whole of the chapter, Getting Under Way, describes, as not even his biographer does, the hardships Carlyle suffered from twenty to thirty, before he found his career in life. His hero had been turned out a thinking man, the worst enemy of the Prince of Darkness. But he knew not what he was suited for; "talented wonderfully enough, yet poor, unfriended, dyspeptical, bashful." He spent years finding what was best for him. He could not open his oyster, the world. He breaks off his neck-halter, his legal profession, and bounds forth, but finds all rigorously fenced in. Yet "freedom, though waited on by scarcity, is not without sweetness." Necessity and hunger urge him on. Though he had passed his first examination in law, he had no employment, having no connections. His fellow-auscultators, or young lawyers, "sniffed at him" and his strange ways. He was too proud; "and so shy a man can never have

been popular." The "established men," who had been inclined to patronise him, "gave him up as a man of genius," the very reason Jeffrey and others assigned for refusing to recommend Carlyle to professorships or editorships. And a letter which he received in reply to his application for the chair of astronomy in Glasgow is quoted here almost literally; but assessorship is substituted for professorship. Little wonder that, like his hero, he adopted "a panoply of sarcasm;" "sarcasm he now sees to be the language of the devil." But then he had to protect his poverty from insult by a torpedo-like sting. "How could a man with this devilishness of temper make way for himself in life?" He eked out a meagre living by private tuition in "never so many languages and sciences;" and "earned bread-and-water wages by his wide faculty of translation." The result was that he lived till he obtained his chair of Things-in-General in the University of Who-Knows-Where, or in other words, became a writer of books and journals.

16. There is no cruder, more miserable period of life than this of early manhood. The character is still undecided, unformed; and the process of formation is a hard and bitter one, that seems to have no finality in view. The

faculties have not yet found confidence in themselves, and there is no achievement within their reach to give them confidence. The brief and half-practical successes of school and college have fallen into insignificance in the presence of the great world that makes wider and more imperious demand. If only we could have our difficulties gathered into one battle, wherein we could put out our wildest strength and fight our best, then would it seem easy to face life undauntedly and reveal what is in us. But alas! existence is a series of detailed and trivial efforts and only at the rarest moments culminates in glorious conflict or achievement. We have to work wearily, often sordidly, for years that one brilliant moment may crown us. We have to toil in gloom unnoticed by any but the eye of pity or love, till fortune smile on us, or perchance till the grave give us rest.

17. Youngmanhood is the nondescript stage of man. Then he is neither boy nor man; he has the privileges of neither, and he has the sorrows of both. He has not unlearned the passionate caprice of boyhood, nor has he known the discipline and self-denial of experience. Now he is scorned for his immature opinions, and unkempt emotions; again he is expected to do the duties of full-grown faculty.

His failures make him silently bitter; for he has now the eye to see how little he can do compared with what has been done. He has come to recognise the folly of boyhood and youth that think so meanly of those who have already achieved and that take as axiomatic that, if the creation had been in their own hands, the world would have been supremely happy. He has laid aside the childish ignorance, and yet has no clear view of the new world that opens up to his view. He has thrown off the trivial irreverences of the boy, as fit only to be laughed at. But no deeper view of the impressive mystery of life has yet opened on his mind. He despises the childish judgments of the stage of growth he has just left; yet he can find no safe substitute for them. The happy and simple beliefs of early years are fast drifting out of his sky, and there is no power within him or without him to reconstruct his world of faith. It is all indecision and hopelessness and misery. And if poverty add its sting and no powerful friends stand behind to guide his steps and keep him from falling, alas for his novitiate!

18. It is little wonder that he resort to the futile revenge of sarcasm, or stifle his sense of wrong and unhappiness in sullen silence; little wonder that he startle his contemners by his

unexpected bitterness or cultivate the offensive habit of irony. A little success, a little confidence in himself soon teaches him how shallow and futile are all such means of soothing his injured vanity, how truly they must be classed with childish toys and boyish irreverences, to be thrust into the obscurest corner as the objects of shame and contempt. Our author had passed out of the stage and could afford to laugh at it; and with all its conditioning this is his view of it: "I have heard affirmed by not unphilanthropic persons that it were a real increase of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels or rendered otherwise invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings till they emerged sadder and wiser at the age of twenty-five." "Young gentlemen do then attain their maximum of detestability. Such gawks are they, and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstreperous, vainglorious; in all senses so froward and forward. No mortal's endeavour or attainment will in the smallest content the as yet unendeavouring unattaining young gentleman; but he could make it all infinitely better, were it worthy of him. Life everywhere is the most manageable

matter, simple as a question in the rule of three."

19. Alas! he is but expressing the opinion of the world on the vanity and raw conceit of so many as they go through this chaotic stage of life. They think they must pass judgment on that which they have not yet understood; on everything in life, above them as well as below them. They have not yet learned the gift of gracious silence, but must be talking and wagging their heads wisely. It should be the prayer of every wise youth that he hurry through this mongrel stage, this purgatory of life. It should be the prayer of every wise man that this stage of development should be soon dispensed with. For with all its offensiveness it is worthy of pity rather than contempt. Some who have learned self-control and reverence in early years leap over it. May heaven grant the rest speedy abridgment of this inferno of adolescence!

IV.

THE LIFE-STRUGGLE IN THE HEART OF TEUFELSDROCKH AND OF CARLYLE.

1. The whole of existence is a struggle, take it as we will, and at any moment we will. For there is a perpetual movement towards decay, even in the strongest, most healthy of beings; and there must be as continuous a growth, else death would ensue. The best analogy is the flame of fire; it lives and moves by the disintegration of that on which it lives; there could be no outcome of light and heat, were there not two moments in the process, the moment of destruction of the burning material and the moment of translation into energy. The history of a plant is somewhat the same; the leaves must fall in autumn and rot in the soil beneath, that growth may proceed, and when the balance is in favour of the decay, then is dissolution not far off; whilst the trees of one age must fall

themselves that those of a succeeding one may flourish. The whole earth is in death-grips with its own future. In sentient life the struggle becomes more manifest. The factor of decay asserts itself in the later stages of our allotted three score years and ten; that of energy is most apparent in youth and manhood. But the conflict proceeds unceasingly, as long as life lasts; it is in fact the very essence of the life; we live and die at the same moment; our tissues must decay that they may grow; the energy of existence must struggle tirelessly with its disintegration, and out of the disintegration the energy must come.

2. But there is a complication in the human problem. We have a life that is above life. Out of the physical existence rises one that seems to be but partially dependent on it. The soul has lower faculties that are closely intertwined with the body and suffer from all changes of the body. But there are loftier faculties that seem to be the stronger, the weaker the frame within which they are enclosed, and as age loses in the struggle with physical decay they ofttimes grow brighter and wiser, and withdraw from close communion with the senses and the conditions wherein they are placed. They lose their dependence on the mortal soil out of which they

seem to have sprung, and prepare, like the seed of a dying tree borne or blown into a more favourable mould and climate, to begin a finer type of existence under less trammelling conditions.

3. This higher element in us lives in an atmosphere of struggle. It is for ever being dragged down by the body and the spiritual faculties that are the allies of the body. And yet it lives in the energy that comes from their disintegration. Without the conflict it has with decay, it could not develop and strengthen. And in those who grow weary of the struggle and succumb, it becomes futile or embruted ; it takes the colour of the decaying elements, and seems to suffer a death in life. Its transplantation, when their body finally dissolves, must be into the feeblest form of existence, hardly to be distinguished from annihilation. It has so subdued itself to the matter it lives on, to the factor of decay, that it has become sordid or nervous and shadowy. It has not had the inherent force of character to withstand the seductions of pleasure or to "fight that good fight" without which no loftier life can be lived.

4. And never can that good fight be begun or continued in the true spirit unless by a conflict or series of conflicts that will try every

nerve and induce long years of misery and despair. In the old days of chivalry a knight was never thought to be a true knight if he had not gone forth into the wilds to seek adventure, and fought for very life with monsters, and giants, and ogres. It is but one illustration of a universal truth. There is no point of vantage to be won, no point at least that is worth holding, without an almost desperate struggle. And especially true is it of the higher life. We must advance by slow conquest of doubt and fear and despair; and the most laborious and trying battle must come first, when our tissues are unaccustomed to the fray, and the number and vigour of our spiritual enemies are unknown. But it has to be fought if there is to be any true life of the spirit. The soul that remains fixed and immovable in its creed has none, as the body that has reached rest that is never to be broken is dead. Faith must struggle and change if it is to grow and live. There is no alternative between a fiery preliminary trial and a soul that is as good as dead.

5. One of the most important and striking parts of *Sartor Resartus* is a record of such a conflict in the soul. It is the true climax of the book, and has upon it the marks of personal

experience. And from Carlyle's own biography and letters we know he passed through such a stage of development when entering on full manhood. We may take the whole of the episode as purely autobiographical, for there are almost no features in it that belong so much to the physical life and character as to the spiritual.

6. The beginning of it, recorded in the chapter headed "The Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh," seems to differ only in time and the relations of the characters from the incidents in the author's own life. It was when he was twenty-three, and a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, that he touched the skirt of romance in his love for Margaret Gordon, who, at the bidding of her aunt, suppressed the affection she returned and afterwards married a colonial governor. He was thirty-five and married to another, Jane Baillie Welsh, (who should have been the wife of Edward Irving), when he began *Sartor Resartus.* He had wooed her long, stirred her intellectual admiration, and influenced her character deeply, before she would consent, in 1826, to unite her fate with his. Features of the two love affairs mingle, and between the first and the writing of his book had come the long spiritual warfare, the fight for security of faith and freedom of

creed that is recorded in the biography of Teufelsdröckh.

7. As soon as the hero had been "made immortal by a farewell kiss" from his Blumine, who had just told him "they were to meet no more," he set out on his wanderings, as *Wilhelm Meister* in Goethe's novel set out on his. And, though Carlyle had not money enough to leave his native land, he was able, as tutor to the Bullers, to see London and Paris, and on leaving Kirkcaldy he had, in his long inability to find a resting-place or profession, what he would call his wander-period. It comes in the life of every man who has not his position ready made for him. He must be up and doing, and yet he knows not what he is fit best to do. He wanders hither and thither in search of he knows not what, and his youthful romance only adds to his bitterness and sorrow; if it comes to an untimely end, he feels "precipitated through a shivered universe," and "has only one of three things to do"—"establish himself in Bedlam, begin writing Satanic poetry" (i.e. poetry like Byron's), "or blow out his brains." This sentimentalism ending in suicide was quite fashionable in Europe at the beginning of this century, and took literary shape in Goethe's famous book, *The Sorrows of Werther*. It

is in imitation that Carlyle writes this chapter, "The Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh."

8. For the hero had a worse trial before him than immortalisation by a farewell kiss. He had set out, with his pilgrim staff in hand, to seek healing and rest for his soul, locking up the secret of his love affair in his breast, becoming "meek and silent," and speaking only "of the weather, and of journals," "consuming his own choler," and but "transiently knitting those shaggy brows." He took a last look down on his native village, where his "loving ones still dwelt" and "his buried ones slumbered," then up he went into the solitude of the mountains, still seeking peace. But alas! it was only to meet the cruellest blow of fate. As his soul was filled with "a murmur of eternity and immensity, of death and of life," and was holding communion with the spirit of the earth, a "gay barouche and four" broke the silence by the sound of its wheels, and in it were his old college friend Towgood, and his lost love Blumine. That "basilisk-glance withered up" what little remnant of a purpose he may have had—"life became wholly a dark labyrinth." From country to country, from condition to condition he glided, flying from his own shadow. "A nameless unrest urged him forward." He

pilgrimed "to great men, to great cities, to great events, but found there was no healing." He fled "with hunger always parallel to him and a whole infernal chase in his rear." He wrote his volume of sorrows, not, like a Byron, in copious Satanic verse, or, like a Napoleon, in "cannon-volleys and murder-shrieks of a world," but "on the insensible earth with his shoe-soles only."

9. In the chapter that follows, headed "The Everlasting No," we have the record of his deepest despair; "as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and a higher." Full of religion as he afterwards was, he was then wholly irreligious; doubt had darkened into unbelief," and yet "for man's well-being, faith is properly the one thing needful"; "with it martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross"; "without it, worldlings puke up their sick existence by suicide, in the midst of luxury." "For a pure moral nature" like his, "the loss of religious belief was the loss of everything." Once a creed, which we have been brought up to revere without question, begins to crumble under the assault of some unanswerable doubt, the process is slow but sure toward the misery of creedlessness, at least in

the honest and thoughtful mind. It may stand and fight on this belief and on that, but ever must it retreat downward into darkness. It was this unsurpassed misery that Carlyle felt between his twentieth and thirtieth years. And mingled with it were the horrors of dyspepsia "gnawing like a rat at the pit of his stomach," and sleeplessness, leaving him exhausted and desperate. Yet in the midst of his wretchedness he refused to "grind out," with the utilitarian, "virtue from the husks of pleasure." He was still conscious of duty, of virtue, though he could find no basis for the ideas in faith; and he would have none of their happiness as the foundation and aim of good. "If what thou namest happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With stupidity and sound digestion man may front much. But what in these dull unimaginative days are the terrors of conscience to the diseases of the liver! Not on morality, but on cookery let us build our stronghold; there brandishing our frying-pan, as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the devil and live at ease on the fat things he has provided for his elect." It is here that his digestion troubles identify him with his hero's spiritual state. Wretched in body, still more wretched in soul, the "whole world sold to unbelief," "hearing

on all sides the question, 'Where is thy Godhead, our eyes never saw him?'" he will not abandon his pursuit of a true theory of the universe, a true religion. 'Truth,' I cried, 'though the heavens crush me for following her.'" "The infinite nature of duty" was still dimly present to him; "living without God in the world, of God's light he was not utterly bereft."

10. What he needed was action, performance. No man knows what is truly in him till he has done it. And it is the weakness of early manhood that it is tossed about, trying work after work to see what it is fit for. "A certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our works can render articulate." The impossible precept "Know thyself" should be translated into "Know what thou canst work at." But he as yet had done nothing, and had, therefore, no confidence in himself. Hungering for friendship, he could find none. The men and women around him were but figures. He had forgotten that they were not merely automatic. Glad he would have been even to be tempted by the devil; but even belief in a devil had vanished. Only "a certain after-shine of Christianity withheld him from suicide." Long years he remained in this desperate state,

"tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of he knew not what." But one sultry day in the "Infernal Street of the doubting saint," the question came upon him, "What art thou afraid of? Death? Well, death, and say the pangs of Tophet, too! Hast thou not a heart? Let Tophet come, then; I will meet and defy it." He shook base fear away from him forever. The everlasting No, the eternal negation of sin, the principle of denial and doubt that lives for ever as the shadow of truth and goodness in the universe—in short, the devil—had done its worst with his soul; it had said to him, "Behold thou art fatherless, outcast, and the universe is mine, the devil's." Shadow though it is of goodness, of omnipotence, of God, yet it ever tries to persuade the human spirit that there is no God. The whole spiritual energy he had made answer, "I am not thine, but free, and for ever hate thee." This was his spiritual new birth or conversion, equivalent to what the old Templars, who had come to tolerate Mahometanism, and so, according to their enemies, to worship a god Baphomet, called their fire-baptism. It was his entrance into manhood; his emancipation not only from the narrow beliefs of early life, but from the fears that ollowed on their ruin; he could stand upright

and fearless in the world, ready for whatever fate might come.

11. This is acknowledged by Carlyle himself to have been an incident in his own life, his spiritual enfranchisement occurring almost in a moment, in Leith Walk, Edinburgh. He was free, free from the trammels of doubt as well as of sectarian beliefs. Like the Templars, who had gone out to Palestine to fight against the pagans, and who, finding them nobler in their lives and morality than their own Christian selves, began to see the common element that underlay all religions, he had thrown over the particular tenets of sects, and yet come to feel that the essentials of religion and morality, the principles that are eternal in all worships, need not be rejected with them. He had reached that centre of indifference to special forms and conventions, that quiet philosophic tolerance of antagonistic sects, which, when the Templars returned with it to Europe, made the Church burn them as infidels. He looked with quite different eyes on the spectacle of the world, and, though still wretched, was free to find his way beneath the shows of life. He saw the spiritual invisible nature of all the institutions of man, skill, law, government, visible and tangible though their products were, cities with their cabinets and

arsenals, tilled fields, with their roads and bridges, and chiefly books. The true book he had come to think the most enduring of all things, the most talismanic and wonderworking. "O thou who art able to write a book, which once in the two centuries, or oftener, there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name city-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city-burner." The Hebrew Bible will outlast all the cities that have used it, and still be a source of light and wisdom. He saw, too, through the tragic force of war, in which those who quarrel not are slain wildly by one another, whilst those who quarrel stand safely in the rear. He visited all great libraries, great scenes, and great men, and found Napoleon to be a divine missionary who preached "through the cannon's throat, that great doctrine, 'an untrammelled career for all the talents,' 'the tools to him that can handle them,' which is our ultimate political evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie." Wild and frothy, ranting and imperfect, were his utterances, as is the way with all "enthusiasts and first missionaries." But none the less did he convert France and then Europe to his gospel. The hero came to see the transcendent meaning of gunpowder, which has made mind resistless, and mere body

powerless, "savage animalism nothing, inventive spiritualism all." He came to laugh at the comedy of the little spitfires, duellists, the wondrous manikins, blowing each other to pieces in the Unfathomable. He had found the greatest mortals shadow-hunted or shadow-hunters; and he saw how poor was even the greatest ambition, and how insatiable. The very earth, on which conquerors seem to be so much, is but a "paltry little dog-cage." Thus was he coming to the end of his journey through the centre of indifference; for this is the climax of tolerance, to feel the insignificance of man and of his glories and his dwelling-place, against the infinitude of night. This was a great advance on the paralysis of denial, the negative electric pole of the "everlasting No." But it was still incapable of leading to action. It meant only freedom, and not power.

12. There is still a further stage in the wisdom of life, and the means of reaching it are recorded in the chapter headed "The Everlasting Yea." There Carlyle holds that there is no approach to it except through temptations in the wilderness; we must decipher the true meaning of our natures by fighting with the demons that tempt us in this desert of life. Around us there is necessity that hems us in and seems to paralyse

and imprison us ; within us is life which is in its fundamental meaning, freedom – freedom to think, speak, work. How are we to reconcile the contradiction ? It is only by finding the necessity that is within us, the idea of duty or self-imposed bonds, that we shall find freedom without us, freedom from galling desire and savage demands for pleasures. The God within us is silently urging us towards the good and noble, but the animal is there too, and shouting aloud its demands ; and in the conflict that ensues it is usually the latter that is listened to. "The God-given mandate, 'Work thou in well-doing,' lies mysteriously written in Promethean prophetic characters in our hearts," but "the clay-given mandate, 'Eat thou and be filled' at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve." It is in "grim solitudes," not merely the "natural desert of rocks and sands," but "in the populous moral desert of selfishness and baseness," that this latter tempter must be vanquished, "in the wilderness of an atheistic century," through "long years of suffering and fasting." "That high moment in the street of the Inferno" was the turning-point of Teufelsdröckh's battle ; "when the fiend said 'worship me or be torn in shreds,' he was answered valiantly with an 'Apage, Satana'

(Get thee behind me, Satan)." This victory led to temporary rest of the spirit, the centre of indifference; he was done with "false shadows of hope" and "haggard spectres of fear," he would rest there "were it but to die." "Healing sleep" came over him, and he "awoke to a new heaven and a new earth." For the first step of active morality had been taken; in the determination to refuse the claims of his nature to pleasure, in the negative he gave to the animal and fiend within him, he had "happily accomplished annihilation of self."

13. All morality, all religion, is but a hollow mask till this is reached. At this stage the whole world changes. Nature, which seemed before to be a mere "fermenting vat and laboratory of a world" is now the living garment of God. The Deity "lives and loves" in all men. "The universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres, but Godlike, and my Father's." How beautiful now seemed all human fate and history, how pathetic the life of man! The power to renounce pleasures, to lose sight of self, had revealed the brotherhood of mankind, and was about to open the portal to the shrine of Godlike sorrow, the kernel of all wise thought and action. It is the pursuit of happiness that is the origin of evil. As long as a

man makes this his first object and aim, nothing will permanently satisfy him, nothing short of "God's infinite universe altogether to himself, therein to enjoy infinitely and fill every wish as fast as it rises." For there is the infinite in him, and, if that go to pamper the animal, the finite in him, he will never have peace. It is not in increasing the satisfactions of desire that anyone will ever approach happiness, but by decreasing the desire. Like the Stoics and Diogenes the cynic, he holds that the more you reduce your needs, the more possessions you will have: "make thy claim of wages a zero; thou hast the world under thy feet"; he is the wealthiest who has fewest and cheapest desires. Have done with the vulture-swoop after the carrion of happiness, he bids all men; "Close thy Byron" with its crude vanities, and wild demoniac indignations and laments over disappointed ambitions and wounded pride, and "Open thy Goethe," with its wise, quiet, half-oracular sayings like this:—"It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."

14. It is renunciation, self-forgetfulness, that is the foundation of all true morality and all true religion. For happiness is not what man lives for, but a higher blessedness, in other words,

the development of the Godlike in him, by subjection of the animal, pleasure-seeking element. He should be thankful if afflictions drive him towards this truth. "Love not pleasure, love God. This is the everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him." It is this that is the perennial principle of religion; it is this that makes wise men inspired prophets and priests. And never was it so nobly, so divinely taught, as in the Christian religion, the "worship of sorrow," the worship of all that bears with gladness the sorrows of others. God's hand has written it on the hearts of all men, if only they would learn to read it there. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," not in some ideal world you are ever picturing or longing for, but in the very duty that lies to your hand; do it, and there will flash from the divine handwriting on the walls of your nature a new revelation. Every age, every race, every man must have a peculiar language or dialect to express it in, but it is fundamentally the same. Voltaire, the sceptic and destroyer, may think he has overturned religion; he has only defaced a religion, a form that is essentially ephemeral; he has not touched the religion, the Christianity, that is written eternally in the heart of man. We are

ever thinking that new and different conditions will let the best in us show itself; but there are no circumstances that, if used well, will not give vent to the divine in our natures. It is duty done, action, that flashes light upon the inner secrets of our capacities. There is no true worship but in accomplishing what offers to our hand. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work." We are ever, especially the religious, or philanthropical, or reforming amongst us, eager to do the work of everybody else, whilst we leave our immediate duties undone or half done; we feel all so capable of acting heroically or greatly if only we had such and such a person's work to do, and such and such conditions to work in. There is no better way of doing the devil's work in life, or of undoing the divine, than this pragmatical neglect of our own immediate duties. The noblest of all prayer is a deed; th noblest of all worship is to do as best we can the duty that is nearest to our hand.

15. We grow up into our beliefs and reverences under the shelter of our household influence. A loving father's hand keeps off the harsh judgments of the world, and all its

shrivelling sneers. At a mother's knee the very truth of heaven seems to fall like dew upon our hearts. All that they have received from the hand of the ages past we take without misgiving or hesitance. It seems as natural to accept every detail of their morality and religion as it is to breath the air around us. We come to love what they love, and reverence what they have reverenced, unless the fiend within us has predominance from our birth. The whole world we know is filtered through their minds. Even where we seem to reject their influence it is round us like an atmosphere. And as long as we rest beneath their roof-tree and take shelter in the shadow of their beliefs, doubts and questions fall harmlessly upon us. But sooner or later we must face the world and listen to the thousand competing views of religion and morality. We begin to see the force of what it urges, and we find that its answers to the problems of life contradict our own traditional reverences, and are full of mutual contradiction. The fabric which has grown around our souls as their shelter and hiding-place, which has seemed to us almost the whole universe, begins to crumble to dust under the attacks of reason and wider thoughts. Stone by stone it moulders away, clutch at it though we may with all the

might of passion. And at last, if we live in an age of advancing thought and growing criticism we seem to stand shelterless under the black, frowning heavens, whose bitter blasts buffet and paralyse us, heedless of divine or human purpose. Every energy is numbed. How can we bend our souls to any aim, when the universe itself seems aimless? How can we respect the work and purposes of others, when reverence has wholly fallen from us? How can we join ourselves to any faith when that which we had grown into lies in helpless ruin? And how are we to work, when we have no faith to work with?

16. There is no other stage of life, when the terrors and blackness of night so hem us round, none when we would so gladly sink into oblivion, beneath the waters of despair. But the world must be faced; the necessities of life must be satisfied. And it is well that we cannot sink into the lethargy that hopelessness induces. Our duties call us out from our brooding, and in action we begin to feel free again. We cast aside the fears that have weakened our resolution and made our whole life pithless. The terrors our fancy painted on the gloom of our desperate outlook vanish when we have learned to distinguish between the voice of the fiend and the

voice of the god within us. Why should we crouch before the attacks of questioning thought, when there lies a whole world of duty before us? Why should we fear aught in this life, if we have the sense of work done? Why should anything that occurs in life, or even death itself, make us pause, if we feel within us the "divinity that doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we will."

17. The smoke of the conflict clears; around us spreads the soft atmosphere of summer calm, above us is the azure sky of God, stretching beyond all bounds of thought, lambent with the pitying light of countless worlds. We marvel that so petty a thing as our appetitive self should ever have been so clamant, so rebellious in presence of this infinitude. What is man with his puny complaints and ant-like achievements before the immeasurable ocean of being, whose shore world-flecked he sees whiten into life each night? How poor and aimless are all our ambitions against the trackless spaces of eternity! Dumb we grow as we think of the vastness of existence and the brief triviality of our life, humiliated at our own vanity and petulance. It is the poor sensuous self that has made us so overweening in our claims, so foolish and arrogant in our utterance of them. And

there grows upon us a sense of the life that guides the all without us, of the folly of thinking the marvel of infinity a soulless mechanism. There lies upon the battlefield of our spirit the lower self of appetite and desire, vanquished and slain. No more can we identify ourselves with it. We are exorcised, and can bear "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" thereafter without a murmur. We claim little of the material world, only as much as shall keep the spirit alive.

18. For we have a nobler self that is divine. Our debasement passes into a pride that we are part of all that we survey. There is within us an element that claims a kinship with the vastitude of being, with the Spirit that moves through the unnumbered worlds, their maker and their guide. Our feet are firm again as we watch the creeds of earth. We fear no more the sneer of the worldling, or the question of the sceptic. There is God's own revelation of himself within our hearts, and not merely without us in ephemeral language and form. We can worship again, and need no "temples made with hands." A deathless reverence has taken root in our souls. And round this as nucleus gather the nobler of the old beliefs, safe from the gnawing

power of doubt. But noblest of them all is the brotherhood of man.

> "The soul that is within us, our life's star
> Hath had elsewhere its setting and cometh from afar."

And the kinship of all human souls with their divine source puts human love upon a new and loftier footing. We feel that all we do for our fellows, for our race, is a part of the highest worship; we labour that those who come after us may be more noble. And there is a new meaning in the divine mandate, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

V.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

1. It has been one of the greatest difficulties of every age and nation to find a clear and vivid expression for the revelation of the universe to its informing spirit, of the body to its living principle, and of the being of man to the infinitude that lies outside of it. It is the problem of religion. For worship is futile unless it have as object some definite form to appeal to the imagination of the worshipper. From a mere abstract idea there is no emotional stimulus for any but the rarest type of mind. And most require a personal embodiment in human form to rouse their sense of reverence. Only now are thoughtful men, who are not sages and prophets, able to realise a divine principle in the universe uninfluenced by human conditions, unexpressed in human lineaments. The grosser the state of civilisation, the more material is the embodiment of the objects of worship. The more refined

and noble human thought becomes, the purer will be its power of knowing and having stimulus from the impalpable and unseen.

2. The lowest of all religions are but the outcome of accident or chance. Savage tribes worship the stocks and stones or the animals that have by some coincidence seemed to them to have been the cause of good or ill fortune. Their worship is based on the fallacy of taking chance connection for causal relation. Hence the innumerable fetish worships of African and other wild peoples. And in our folk-lore and the half-recognised superstitions that still haunt the minds of even educated people there are the relics of what once was or might have been such a worship. In many of the forms of Christianity there survive shreds of ceremonies and practices that in the far past were the expression of such a religion of chance. Idols again gave to elementary civilisation what metaphors and similes are to the educated worshipper. They seem to give to the senses or the sensuous imagination a concrete form to which they may address their appeals or gratitude. And so far they are an advance on the mere fetish, the god that accident throws in the way of ignorance. But they reveal a rudimentary state of the imaginative and

reasoning powers that is incapable of the nobler kind of reverence.

3. One of the higher stages is reached when, as in Buddhism or Confucianism, a wise and great-hearted man is accepted as the medium between the ordinary worshipper and the Unseen Spirit of the Universe. Then there is a chance of the religion raising man above his material surroundings; it teaches him to find a life above life, an interest that is not bound to his sordid pursuits, or his evil passions. It spiritualises his whole nature and enables him to use his reason to subdue the animal and mixed elements in him. Such a religion civilises the peoples it persuades better than all the art or science or commerce of the world.

4. But a time comes when its forms have grown antiquated and stiff, when the morality of its adherents begins to palpitate with nobler emotions, when intellect longs to be emancipated from its trammels. The better spirits see its faults and crudenesses; the clearer reasoners are galled by its inconsistencies and futile explanations of the universe. Science probes deeper into the realities of material phenomena and comes to laugh at its mythic or poetic attempts to realise the cause of things.

It is then that philosophy steps in, and, without becoming the slave of religion, tries to discover some method of statement that will approach nearer to the essence of the distracting problem of existence. It takes the more poetic and figurative representations of religion and, finding the abstract meaning behind, attempts to reconcile it with the newer and more scientific interpretation of Nature. And this reconciliation the new poets and seers and imaginative thinkers put again into more concrete form for the popular mind. Few can realise divinity apart from metaphor and simile; few can get behind the sensuous shapes and ceremonies of religion and breathe in the rare atmosphere of philosophical abstractions. And yet we are advancing towards a stage in which all will be able to dispense with the material form in the reverential mood, and only in their degenerate and sordid states resort to sensuous moulds for worship. Meanwhile philosophy is the handmaid of religion, guiding it away from its old paths of ignorance and blindness, into the clearer light of the new times.

5. And every man in our time of racking doubt and conflict between the old and the new, between reason and emotion, must, if he is to have any intellectual rest, find some

solution for himself. He must see some reconciling principle that will permit him to retain his reverence and yet accept the newer and apparently truer explanations of the dilemmas of being. Reverence he must have if he is to be a spiritual creature with high aspirations; reverence he must have, if his morality is to be anything but hollow convention. And, on the other hand, he must take into his soul the new light that science gives, conflict though it seem to do with the thoughts and forms that he has so long loved and reverenced. He cannot be true to himself, to the higher faculty, the reason within him, and reject the manifest logic of facts. He cannot advance with the onward march of his race and yet try to stem the current of new thought that discoverers and thinkers have let forth upon the civilised world.

6. It is well that this conflict and attempt at reconciliation should not come till the faculties have reached something like maturity; else the mind might fall back upon flippancy and the soul go naked of reverence into its life-struggle. There should be some reasoning powers, some capacity of dividing between the false and the true, some permanency of moral principle, before the foundations of the older beliefs

are shaken. Else we shall have the ranks of shallow scepticism and sneering frivolity reinforced. And there is no fate so terrible in life as this, to be left to the mercy of every irreverent caprice or passion, void of moral principle, blown hither and thither by desire and every wind of pleasure. Nothing will a man so abandoned to his lusts ever accomplish in the world, nothing that is worthy of regard or love. A curse and a loathing will he be to his fellows, however much of seeming delight he may extract from life.

7. It is this that Carlyle felt most strongly when he thought out *Sartor Resartus*. He had come through great tribulation and conflict, and he wished to express to himself and to others, who had the same battle to fight, the statement of the mystery of life that had given him rest. He had felt all the old tenets and reverences slip from his grasp, and by the aid of Goethe and his own indomitable will and moral principle, he was able to gather from the wreck enough to pilot him safely through the storm of life. He had found a reconciling principle that gave firm footing to his morality and reverence. He had looked behind the masks and shows of creation and thought he had seen reality. He would throw his results

into a half-humorous, half-earnest form, that the world might not be repelled by the appearance of mere preaching. Hence the strange book *Sartor Resartus*; he professes to select from the papers of a German journalist or professor of things in general; and he brings out his own contempt for convention as well as his own solution of the problem of belief, whilst he narrates his own spiritual history in battling towards it, when he pretends to edit the autobiography of his hero.

8. But the philosophy of Clothes is the gist of his satire on life. By means of the metaphor he would imply that in all things there is an outer form and an inner meaning. In human intercourse and all political and social institutions, the conscious adoption of a mask or outer shell leads in almost all cases to absurdity, vice, injustice, or falsity. But in the unconscious world it is an eternal truth that there is ever spirit behind the material mask and show, and that spirit is the everlasting element that withstands the decaying power of time and space. Thus in one figure he is able to include the deepest philosophy and the lightest satire. And by the belief that the inner life and history of the philosopher is essential to the comprehension of his philosophy, Carlyle was

able to introduce the main features of the growth of his own soul with its conflicts and beliefs and environments.

9. He introduces Teufelsdröckh to us as established in the new chair of things in general, which had no salary or endowment and had no provision for the delivery of lectures. The professor has his real chair in the Green Goose Coffee-house, where, as he swallows his beer and puffs out his tobacco smoke, he entertains the intellect of Who-knows-where with his philosophy, the thought that had come upon him as he looked out on the world from his lonely attic or watch-tower in the Wahngasse or street of illusions. Out of eternity and into eternity he watches the torrent of humanity come and go in the street beneath him, a mere torrent of clothes-screens as it would seem, but in reality a tide of souls hidden in bodies and uniforms. He sees the whole tragi-comedy of life proceed with its solemn scenes and its farcical side by side and intermingled; and nothing but the stars above consoles him in the woe and despair that comes to him from the sight. He has no respect for the trappings of the rich and great that conceal their poor reality from common eyes; he sees underneath them and judges the

man apart from them. He counts the purple of the king as no different from the smock of the clown. Richter's "Proposal for a cast-metal king" stirs him to inextinguishable laughter; for he knows that oftentimes the monarch is little more than his mantles and trappings.

10. And in the past history of man, clothes have been of infinite significance; they have marked the eras of his evolution; and the first section of his great work, though called, in imitation of Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, the *Spirit of Clothes*, is a mere ethnology and history of mankind. He laughs at the futility of the cause-and-effect philosophy which has been the fashion, and yet he acknowledges that clothes have influenced the thoughts and emotions of men and been influenced by them. And he begins at the beginning by a picture of the aboriginal savage, warming himself in the toils of the chase or amid dry leaves in his hollow tree; he had his natural mantle of hair; yet out of him had come "the heaven-inspired and melodious singer" and "thy own amber-locked snow-and-rose-bloom maiden." It is human act that has accomplished the marvellous transformation. "Cast forth thy act, thy word into the ever-living, ever-working universe; unnoticed to-day it

will be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years." The inventor of movable types has cashiered most kings and senates and created a new democratic world. Clothes, too, began in a mere desire of the savage for decoration; but underneath them evolved the emotion of shame, and a hundred other emotions. "Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity; clothes have made men of us, they are threatening to make clothes-screens of us." For he classes with clothes all tools; and he thinks he comes upon the essential definition of man as distinct from other living things when he calls him the tool-using animal. Man "digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth and says to them 'Transport me this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour,' and they do it."

11. The chapter on "Aprons" and that entitled "Miscellaneous-Historical" continue the pretended gleanings from the book, but in a more fragmentary way. The philosopher laughs at the oddities of costumes in the various ages. Aprons as the original equipment of Adam and Eve came first; smiths, builders, and other workmen have them as defences; and the army

and police are nothing but "a huge scarlet-coloured, iron-fastened apron, wherein society works" "in this devil's smithy of a world." He laughs next at the tucked-in apron of the bishop and the paper apron of the cook, and looks upon the latter as an encouragement to modern literature, as it will use up all that is superfluous; the rubbish heap, which supplies the rag to make paper and gets its material back again, he regards as the fountain of motion in life; for the history of the world is now to be divided into dynasties of journalists and not of kings; the newspaper is the ruler of the world; and its annals, he thinks, appear in the book *Satan's Invisible World Displayed.* He finds much material for humour in the costumes of mediæval times, and of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the bushel-breeches, cornuted shoes, and bell-girdles; he thinks Sir Walter Raleigh would have spread his fine mantle in the mud with as much eagerness "had the maiden queen been stuffed parchment dyed in verdigris"; nay, it is these odd accidents of life that have often made a name historical; as, for example, that courtier, who in the bombasted breeches, rising from his chair to bow to the king, was caught

by a projecting nail and "instantaneously emitted several pecks of dry wheat-dust." His greatest admiration is kept for the dress of Bolivar's Indian cavalry, who simply thrust their heads through a hole in a square blanket and were dressed and armed complete.

12. But this historical part of the work is of little significance compared with the second, on the influence of clothes, which he enters on in the chapters The World out of Clothes and Adamitism. Man's earthly interests, he holds, "are all hooked and buttoned together and held up by clothes." "Society is founded upon cloth." Then he suddenly plunges into the sublimest part of his philosophy. To the speculative mind "there come seasons, meditative, sweet yet awful hours" when it waves aside the integuments of existence, commerce, polity, society, and leaves the "ego" naked face to face with a naked universe; and this last again is the living visible garment of God. We are thus, even at our best and most abstract, at the mercy of a "vesture of decay that doth grossly close us in" and close in the spirit of creation. Even the loftiest seer and philosopher must think in concrete forms, in images that belong to time and space; he

cannot penetrate behind the veil which the earth-spirit is ever weaving ;

> "'Tis thus at the roaring loom of time I ply
> And weave for God the garment thou see'st him by."

It is futile to assume, as religions generally do, that we, who can know nothing but under the modes of space and time, can ever upon earth get to see absolute being, the Omnipresent and Eternal, the spirit who has no limitations of space or time. We must take, even the most spiritual of us, the veil for the Presence behind ; and that veil is for ever changing its colour and shape with the thought and emotion and culture of man. There is no finality in religion, in our idea of God, till we can strip off time and space from our thoughts and modes of thinking. As it is, we are but as dreamers who "clutch at shadows as if they were substances," moving oft-times uneasily in our sleep as war and revolution agonise us. The whole world we seem to know, the world of science, of art, of Nature, is as much a mere phantasmal drama acted on the stage of our minds, as dreams are when we lose consciousness in sleep. All we feel, and know, and think, and imagine, is not merely coloured by our being, but moulded and created by it.

"This so solid-seeming world is but an air-image, our Me the only reality; and Nature, with its thousandfold production and destruction, but the reflex of our own inward force, the phantasy of our dream." "Where" and "when" are but earthly conditions of our thought, inseparable from it as far as we are concerned, but separable by the Being who is above all being. They are the sleep-fences of our dream, the unconsciousnesses that prevent us knowing that our life is but a dream. And both dream and dreamer are the work of One who slumbers not, who sees that space and time exist not, who sees, in short, reality.

13. But back from these rare heights he falls into the humour of the breeched biped, called man. "The horse has a perennial rain-proof, court-suit on his body," with its frills and fringes ever in the right place; whilst man has to thatch himself over "with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts," and "walks abroad a rag screen," its shreds and tatters raked from the charnel-house of Nature. Yet use and wont has blinded him to the strangeness of his fit-out. "Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute law-giver." "Let but

a creation of the world happen twice, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy or noticeable." Our clothes-thatch tailorises and demoralises us. "And it is a great moment when a man first sees indeed that he is naked, yet also a spirit and an unutterable mystery of mysteries."

14. The thought reminds him of the Adamites of the sixteenth century who believed that the primal innocence of Adam and Eve still continued, and that they should go without clothes. But Teufelsdröckh would not venture as far as Adamitism; he is only a Sansculottist, like the French Revolutionists, an unbreeched believer in the people. "Nature is good, but she is not the best," a maxim that contradicts Rousseau's doctrine of the primitive happiness of a natural state. Clothes, moreover, are symbols, visible emblems of the fact that man is a spirit. The judge is known only by his plush gown, the criminal by his coarse threadbare blue; and by virtue of the fact that they are spirits, the one can, without moving towards the other, hang him. But in his "atrabiliar moods," he is afflicted with seeing, in his mind's eye, kings and their courtiers stripped of their finery; and then "how each skulks into the nearest hiding-place; their high

State tragedy become a pickle-herring farce to weep at." "We are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as turkeys driven with a stick and red clout to the market," terrified by the rattle of a dried bladder with peas in it.

15. But he cannot rest long in this low-comedian's view of humanity, "descendentalism" as he calls it. For he is a mystic by instinct, one who sees a deeper meaning in all Nature and human nature. "It is only to the eye of vulgar logic" that the purse is the "soul's seat and true pineal gland of the body social," or that man is "an omnivorious biped that wears breeches." "To the eye of pure reason" he is "a soul, a spirit and divine apparition" round which is "a garment of flesh contextured in the loom of heaven"; he stands "in the centre of immensities, in the conflux of eternities." "What is there that we cannot love since all was created by God?" Even matter "is spirit, the manifestation of spirit." And in the chapter headed Prospective he continues this thought; "All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at all; matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea and body it forth." It is but the garment of ideas; and "all emblematic things

are properly clothes, thought-woven, or hand-woven." The divine Me is "clothed on with mortality;" "language is the garment of thought" woven by imagination originally in metaphors. The universe is but "the time-vesture of the eternal"; for "the heavens and the earth shall fade away like a vesture." It is all a unity; for everything is force; even decay is energy; and there is no isolation; "all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all"; nothing is there but God is in it; "all objects are as windows through which the philosophical eye looks into Infinitude itself." But without wonder there is no philosophy, no reverence, no religion. And he girds at the new sciences that scoff at mystery. "Thought without reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous." "The man who cannot wonder," "were he president of innumerable Royal Societies and carried in his head the epitome of all laboratories and observatories with their results, is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye." "Logic-choppers and treble-pipe scoffers" "cackle" "about the Mechanics' Institute of Science" and as illuminated sceptics insist on guiding the world with their lantern in the broad day-light of truth. They "will have no mysteries or mysticism" and laugh at

him "who recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of mystery," "who counts the universe an oracle and temple as well as a kitchen and cattle-stall;" to him "with sniffing charity" they "protrusively proffer their hand-lamp" of attorney logic, and "shriek as one injured when he kicks his foot through it."

16. Undoubtedly Carlyle had taken into his very heart and soul the idealistic element of the new atmosphere that the Revolution had thrown round the western world. Like Shelley he rejected the reasonings of the materialist and utilitarian as blind to the nobler meanings of creation. He saw beneath the trappings of life a spirit that was capable of reaching with its thought beyond the limits of the stars and leaping the boundaries of time. Within it were possibilities that classed it with the divine. For its wondrous fantasy created all it knew and thought and felt, and yet left infinities unrealised. It could see far back along the aisles of time and decipher the hieroglyphs that covered this burial orb of uncounted myriads dead; and it could pierce the dim twilight whereinto the vista of the future faded, and tell what destinies await the worlds that clothe the night with silver

fire. And yet, poor man, with all his faculty, can never tear the veil from off the face of the universe and gaze upon the absolute. This veil that hides the Divine Countenance like a halo is the product and condition of human thought; its warp is space, its woof its time, the shadow of his own soul; and never can he by any effort of his will, or fancy, stand clear of them. He thinks from age to age that he has found the substance, the solid residuum underneath and behind appearances; but that is as much an illusion as the phantasmal world he has seemed to analyse; it is only a dream within a dream. All the new laws that science makes and remakes are but new patterns of the old warp and woof. Nor with our senses and the material wrapping of our soul can we divest ourselves of this strange legacy of our mixed natures. By virtue of the divine within us, we can measure worlds on worlds and hear the music that sounds through infinitude; but by the earthly element we still are bound down to the animal, and can think only in sensuous forms; all our imaginings must run into the moulds of space and time. These are the shadows our physical nature casts upon our soul, and nothing but disembodiment can set the spirit free, can wake it from its sleep and

unseal its eyes that it may look upon the face of God and die not.

17. We are a part of all that we survey. Nor must we forget that we survey a universe that is not mere dull matter but undying energy. Follow the substance up into its hidden core, even the rocks that seem to be for ever dead and you will find life still, life in a hard and churlish form, waiting for the power to free it from its fetters. "Even in their ashes live their wonted fires." All matter is but the mask of immortal force. It needs but the hand of science to touch it and it falls leaving the deathless element before our eyes. And what is this but to say that the universe is life in infinite variety of forms. With Shelley's cloud it may say,

"I change, but I cannot die."

Who then shall be foolish enough to charge our modern thought with atheism, when every discovery it makes unveils the all-pervasive life that breathes forever through creation? They are as rash who, knowing that science has proved so many of the beliefs of religion false, rush to the decision that the whole basis of worship is destroyed; they but skim the

surface of discovery, and see not the deep-setting current that flows ever towards the divine ocean. Because there is a belt of night that hedges in the life of man, they do deny that there is life and light beyond it, even though a myriad worlds shine through with their liquid eyes. Because our senses cannot transcend the limits that their guardians time and space have set for them, they do deny existence outside of their ken. Because our faculty of knowledge in this ring of darkness is blind, they shut their eyes to every other faculty in man.

18. Alas for human life and happiness if this were all, if we were chained within what we see and hear or know! There is a faculty within us that leaps over all the pales of sensuous knowledge, that has kinship with the infinite life underlying the dull world, that has a share in whatever is divine. It is the fantasy, the faculty that mingles with pure reason the nobler emotions. By this the poet wings the furthest space of the ether; by this the prophet lights with heavenly fire the hearts of generations; by this the thinker leaves the beaten tracks of earth and points the way far through the undiscovered world, where even cautious reasoning may soon ascend.

By this we feel the life that throbs in every silver star, and every atom of seeming-lifeless clay. By this we know the spirit that dwells throughout the universe and we look within and find "immortal longings" in us. It is in its emotional phase the faculty of wonder. And on it are built the noblest structures of philosophy. Without it, religion would for ever die; no reverence would live within the soul; no worship ever would reveal to us the shrines of being; back into the gross animal these frames of ours would sink, and our best fate would be the grave.

VI.

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

1. Every life has its clamant wrongs. For it is but a link in the chain that stretches out of the dark animal past of human life into the dim twilight of the future that hides in it infinite possibilities for man. It is the essential of progressive beings that at every point in their history they are imperfect; they have within them the ideal they are working towards either consciously or unconsciously; and this is a standard by which they may see their defects and measure them. If a nation or period falls into perfect peace and freedom from all incitement to struggle, it has lost the prerogative of life, the tendency to development. There is a divine restlessness in all men who have in them the power to progress. Complete satisfaction with what we have done is a sign of the approaching palsy of the spirit, if not of the coming death of all the higher functions. That

would be but a poor progress of the human mind if, on each new height it reaches, it did not see peak upon peak tower beyond. And perhaps that is the most progressive age which is the most unhappy, most fevered in its divine discontent. But at its basis there must be the vigour, if not the passion, of health. It is not mere hectic restlessness or the fever of exhaustion, not mere futile querulousness or peevish despair, that will ensure advance. With the dissatisfaction must come the resolve to do better. From the discontent must rise a hope of higher things.

2. Every period must have its problems and grievances that demand some solution or remedy; else it is practically dead. The age of Elizabeth had its struggles between patriotism and foreign threats, and again between loyalty to the throne and love of freedom. The century that followed had the misfortune to have the solution of this latter thrust upon it in the form of civil war; freedom would have had to vanish had the people's devotion to it been so weak as not to culminate in this sanguinary struggle. And all the ages that have followed have reaped the harvest that our Puritan forefathers sowed with such harassment and woe and blood. The Queen Anne age had its own

virulent unhappiness to appease, its political and social discontents to stimulate it to better things; but its trivial ideals made its progress slow and tremulous, its products and its art poor and flimsy. And outwards its struggle had to deepen and broaden till the full onrush of it fell upon the last years of the last century. Again for freedom the world had to strike out, but this time it was for freedom not merely from the tyranny of kings, but from a luxurious and effete aristocracy. And its restlessness passed onwards into the nineteenth century and gave it unending struggle, unending effort at solution of the unsolved problems of mankind. We live in a time that is agonised with the thought of its imperfections and of the long and dolorous path humanity has still to travel. So keen are the pangs of this discontent, in spite of the triumphs of science, that it often passes into despair. Our struggles approach too close to blind conflicts that are fought without clear knowledge of the end in view, fought because we must be stirring in order to numb the misery of our fevered unhappiness. We cherish ideals that are too far removed from the needs and possibilities of our natures.

3. Great books are those in such a period of progress that take cognisance of its problems

and throw a wide revealing light upon the conditions on which they may be solved. And those are the greatest that bring the wider experiences of humanity to bear, and look at the conflict from a loftier point of view than the mere horizon of local or ephemeral prejudice ; whilst those books that stand aloof and permit none of the unhappiness and weary striving of the time to enter them are dead almost before they are born. It is useless inventing remedies for evils that have for ever vanished, or for evils that lie outside the range of present possibility. He who would strike most home to men's hearts in more ages than his own must choose the difficulties troubling his own time and connect them with those that harass the whole line of march of onward-moving humanity. In short he must have a heart to throb with the bitterest woes around, as well as a mind to see beneath the surface of phenomena.

4. It is thus that Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, though written in a style that, in addition to new words and forms, bristles with difficulties, gradually took root in the more thoughtful spirits of the nineteenth century. It is all quick with the fervours and desires of the earlier half of the period, whilst it connects them with the broader

questions that trouble all mankind in all ages. There is no spiritual timidity in it. The most difficult problems of the time are attempted. The sphinx riddles of humanity are faced, and that with a strong and cheerful humour. And yet there is a deep fundamental reverence in the treatment of them all. With laughter at the superficial appearance of life there is a spirit of worship for the true shrines and mysteries of being.

5. The philosophy of clothes itself is difficult to follow in its serious phases, where it attempts to restate the questions of existence so that their answers may be manifest. Nay, it is sometimes hard to see its bearing on our life as it is. What more does it seem than a mere metaphor to conceal our ignorance of reality? But what more are all systems of philosophy and broader scientific generalisations but new figures of speech? The advantage is that they please and satisfy the human soul for a time; they preserve its reverence and allay its fears. And what the philosophy of clothes did for the earlier part of the nineteenth century was to restate the problem of being after the old statements had become trite and unconsoling. It had warmer blood in its veins, too, than any of the old abstract systems, and was more capable

of being applied to the concrete forms that the problem takes in the life of the modern world.

6. It is in the third book that we find the practical application of the theory. Its first chapter makes the transition from the semi-humorous view of the clothes philosophy to the more serious problems to which it applies, and it makes the transition by means of an incident that seems to the superficial view of no significance, nay, of absurd effect. It is the foundation of the sect of Quakers by George Fox in the seventeenth century. Fox grew weary of the sordid task of making shoes in order to keep body and soul together, when so much nobler work waited to be done in the world: "Time flies fast, and heaven is high and hell is deep;" and all that kept him from the great task of life was fear of starvation; could he not reduce his wants to a minimum and let nature supply them? "Will all the shoe wages under the sun ferry me across into that far land of light? I will to the woods; the hollow of a tree will lodge me; and for clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of leather?" The significance of the incident was that one man at least had found his way back to first principles; he refused to recognise himself any longer as a mere "patent digester," whose

every moment and energy had to be devoted to supplying it with fuel; he was a spirit too, and his spiritual interests infinitely transcended his physical; he dwelt in the temple of immensity, wherein as man he had been sent to minister, and it was "full of holy mystery to him." He burst through the mere trappings and conventions of life, its "straps, tatters, and tagrags," and moved free in the light of heaven, ready to struggle with the monsters of sin, unhampered by the gross necessities of social life. Nothing can be found to compare to it but the rejection of all the amenities of existence by Diogenes in ancient times; like Fox he stood "on the adamantine basis of his manhood" and counted all that men struggled for mere superfluities, enslaving and debasing the essence of humanity. But the Quaker's leather was holier, nobler, more like a symbol of Godhead than the cynic's tub; for he did not snarl at mankind or "undervalue the earth in half savage pride;" he preached the liberation of man from his trammels "not in scorn, but in love;" he insisted on the dignity of man, not in despite of earth, but with his eye upon heaven; he saw society was to be cured of its sores not by levelling upwards to wealth and luxury, but by levelling downwards to the most primitive simple way of

life and by devoting all the surplus energy thus set free to the elevation of the human soul. Just one fear creeps into Carlyle's mind at the close of the chapter; it is that not the most perfect socialistic scheme will ever rid society of its foolish worship of clothes and conventions and classes; even in leather vestures there would be fashions and diversities for envy and pride and vanity to find scope in; and no social system, however seemingly equal, will ever annihilate inequalities of desire and handicraft, of mental power and will.

7. The rejection of all ceremonies and vestments and conventions by the founder of the Quaker sect leads him to the discussion of church clothes; but by this he does not mean "shovel-hats and surplices and cassock-aprons" "or church-repairing and chaffering and organing;" he means the forms which the religious principle has taken in different ages and races. The clergy of his neighbourhood advised George Fox as the solution of his doubts to "drink beer and dance with the girls," and he turned from these "blind leaders of the blind" to his "antique inspired volume." Carlyle considers all communing of soul with soul while both look heavenward as true religion; emotion kindles emotion; belief gains infinitely by the feeling

that others believe; the divine life gains passion and "inmost me is brought into contact with inmost me." He thinks no church is once and for ever the vesture of the divine idea; for churches "go dumb with old age," or "mumble in delirium prior to dissolution;" most churches "have gone sorrowfully out at elbows" and are "mere hollow and masks" wherein "only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive their trade;" out of them "religion has quite withdrawn and in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new vestures." "As a priest or interpreter of the holy is the noblest and highest of all men, so is a sham-priest the falsest and basest." Religion, therefore, he counts as "eternal in the human breast," "the inmost pericardial and nervous tissue of society;" without it government and industry and all social life would be "a dead carcase deserving to be buried." It is the forms that religion takes (creeds, churches, tenets) that must change to suit the living and growing organism of humanity. The evil is that each church arrogates to itself the more, when it is dying or dead, the lofty prerogative of being alone the interpreter of the divine idea. But as age follows age, and as the human soul develops and grows nobler, church must give

way to church, and "the canonicals of the sham-priest be torn from him to make bandages for the wounds of mankind."

8. In order to generalise his principles still further, he devotes a chapter to symbols, which are the work of the godlike faculty of fantasy. They half reveal, half conceal, some deeper meaning than they bear on their surface. They communicate and emphasise truths that would escape the minds of men. But the most important element in them he considers to be silence, which by its presence gives strength to the expression implied in the symbol, and brings it into relief. For "silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together." "They who ever babble of what they are creating and projecting" are ruining the chances of ever seeing their creation or projection fulfilled; they spend the whole of their available capital on calling for plans and tenders. The more crackle the less heat, the more talk the less thought. "Do thou thyself but hold thy tongue for one day; on the morrow how much clearer are thy purposes and duties." "Speech is great, but not the greatest;" "it is too often the art of stifling and suspending thought so that there is none to conceal." "Thought will not work except in silence." "Let not thy right hand

know what thy left hand doeth." Virtue must have its roots hidden from the sun or it will die. It is the silent element, the element of secrecy in symbols that blends the infinite with the finite, the invisible with the visible. Thus the universe and man are symbols of God containing, as they do, an element of decay and an eternal element; and the latter is the spiritual, unseen and noiseless. But it must not be thought from this view of creation and humanity as symbols that they are a mere mechanism, as materialists and utilitarians hold. The human mind is not a mere weighbridge for measuring motives, and balancing pains and pleasures; nor is the universe "one huge manger filled with hay and thistles, to be weighed against each other." "The soul of our century is well-nigh choked by this nightmare of mechanism."

9. It is not our logical, mensurative faculty, but our imaginative one, that is king over us. It is this that inspires and maddens; through this the sheen "from the circumambient eternity" gleams in upon "our little islet of time;" nor are we at the mercy of fate; it is ours to choose whether fantasy shall guide us wisely and nobly or not. It is this that makes symbols the windows of the unseen, this that turns a worthless bag or piece of iron into a symbol that stirs a

nature to suffer wounds and death, this that makes military banners gleam with "the divine idea of duty, of heroic daring," this that makes the cross itself, once a mere instrument of torture no better than the gallows, the "noblest ensign that man ever met and embraced under."

10. And yet all these are but symbols of extrinsic value. There are others that have as well intrinsic meaning and value. Through works of art, for instance, the "godlike is rendered visible." But what "other work is so divine" as the "lives of heroic, God-inspired men!" And it is here that Carlyle's hero-worship affiliates with his philosophy of clothes; the deeds and characters of heroes are a vesture that half veils, half reveals the divine. Most of all is this the case with prophets; religions are the most significant symbols of the god-like, and Christianity, the life and teachings of "Jesus of Nazareth," form a symbol of quite perennial infinite character, whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into and anew made manifest."

11. For symbols "wax old as doth a garment," and lose their power of expression; Homer's Epos and the Scandinavian Eddas have faded into dim twilight, and it needs

the student to reinterpret them. But the poet, the true hierarch and pontiff of the world, is ever shaping new symbols, and bringing new fire from heaven. And he, too, is a wise man who can tell when a symbol has grown old and had better be removed lest it suffocate. But noblest and wisest of all is he who makes his new symbol rest on the everlasting element of being. "Of this thing be certain, wouldst thou plant for eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man, his fantasy, and heart; wouldst thou plant for year and day, then plant into his shallow and superficial faculties, his self-love, and arithmetical understanding."

12. And as he looked round upon the seething mass of humanity that moved in ferment between the French Revolution of 1792 and that of 1830, Carlyle felt that whatever gospel is preached, it must have its chapter on the question of the rich and poor, of capital and labour, if it is to have currency for more than a few years. His chapter called Helotage gives his thoughts on the question. He makes his Hofrath Heuschrecke a Malthusian, and write on his deadly fear of population a tract, "Institute for Repression of Population;" whilst he makes Teufelsdröckh an antagonist like himself to all the doctrines of Malthus, and to

all those of political economy. Malthus had attempted to show in his book on population, that the production of food increased in only arithmetical progression, whilst the people of the world increased at geometrical rate, or would do so were it not for war, famine, and plague. Carlyle is indignant at this maxim and puts in opposition to it the statement, "One man in one year, if you lend him earth, will feed himself and nine others." But he forgets that the women and children, the sick, impotent, and self-alienated, drunken and naturally indolent far more than make up the nine others, whilst there is all the waste of wars, strikes, amusements and luxuries, and the support of medicine, war, law, religion, government to account for over and above ; and, as soon as food becomes cheaper, population increases at a rate so accelerated as to render the cheapening more than ineffectual. He grows cynically ironical, and, following Swift, proposes that government should shoot down annually the superfluity of able-bodied paupers, and salt and barrel their carcases to feed those in workhouses, and he is bitter over a man being worth less in the labour market than a horse. His solution is emigration, colonisation of the waste spaces of the earth, and in this chapter he gives the gist of all

he afterwards preached in his *Chartism* and *Past and Present.* Colonisation was the great panacea of the earlier part of the century. But now that most of the available areas of the earth have been filled by Englishmen, and even the fever-laden parts of Africa are being wrangled over by the other peoples of Europe, we are as far from the solution of the labour-problem as ever; our very colonies are convulsed with it; the home country is more over-populated than at any period before; and it begins to dawn on the world that Carlyle was mistaken in his sneer at Malthus. The real trouble is still ungrappled with by any panacea, even the fashionable socialism of our day. Carlyle failed to see that it was the able-bodied, vigorous, sensible, and wholesome-minded that emigration drained off, and that they could look after themselves in any part of the world however thinly or thickly populated. It is the evil-minded, indolent, unconscientious, those so futile and unskilled as to be employed by none, and those so bohemian and drunken as to wish to be employed by none, that form the real difficulty. It is well known that they marry and multiply and replenish the earth at twice the rate of thrifty, provident, skilful workmen. They have the same luxurious desires and spendthrift habits as

the rich idlers of society and it is these very desires and habits that keep them in misery and subordination and would keep them in misery and subordination if they had the whole wealth of the world divided amongst them. That shiftlessness and disease, crime and folly, idleness and irresponsibility, are permitted to multiply themselves unchecked in marriage and huge families, is the root of the whole evil, and would keep the world a mass of misery, were the most generous scheme of socialists in full working order all over it. Another panacea of our century that Carlyle hints at in this chapter is maimed, and will be maimed by the same evil—that of education. "The poor is heavy laden and weary." "But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out." "That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy." But the cumulative effect of education in enlightening and developing the soul, as it passes from parent to child, from generation to generation, is hampered and almost sterilised by the more rapid growth of futile, diseased, or vicious elements in the population.

13. He returns to the question of labour and wealth again towards the close of the book, in

the chapter headed "The Dandiacal Body." Dandy was the fashionable name for the exquisites, the "man-milliners," who took during the first quarter of our century as their model the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth. And under the laughter of this chapter there is deep scorn of them as mere "clothes-wearing men" who "live to dress," and indignation at their futility in this world of work. He proposes to make them out a religious sect with Almack's as their temple, fashionable novels as their sacred books, and English-French as their particular subject; he finds Bulwer Lytton with his *Pelham* their teacher and preacher, and he formulates their articles of faith, the central one of which is "There is safety in the swallow-tail." He classifies the vagabond and half-employed poor as an antagonistic sect called Poor Slaves, who have a costume of rags and a god in the earth which supplies them with potatoes, who like the Druids burn men, not in wicker idols, but in sod cottages. He grows ironically bitter over the two principles of Dandiacal Self-Worship and Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth-worship. For they are threatening to divide England; the one, dandyism, appropriates all the positive electricity of the nation, viz., the money of it;

the other, drudgism, is equally busy with the negative, that is hunger; "wait a little until the entire nation is in an electrical state . . . . and the stirring of a child's finger brings the two together; and then—the earth is out-shivered into impalpable smoke by that doom's-thunder."

14. Carlyle manifestly believes that a revolution is in store for English society. Even under the humorous and satirical chapters entitled Old Clothes and Tailors, this thought lies. In them he protests that clothes is all that the world is now worshipping, and that the tailor should therefore take the loftiest place in society instead of the lowest; it is he creates the man of modern times. All men should reverence all men, but, alas, they worship only their clothes; and yet the respect paid to these is taken by their contents to feed the devil vanity in them. Better go at once into Monmouth Street and worship the second-hand suits there; they have no haughty looks, or scornful gestures; they are "purged from the grossness of sense, from the carking cares and foul vices of the world." Better at once give the tailor his true place in civilization, not as the fractional part of a man, but as "something of a creator or divinity"; he new-creates the man into a

nobleman, he makes even society itself. "Too long hast thou sat there on thy crossed legs, wearing thy ankle-joints to horn;" "the fraction will become not an integer only, but a square and cube;" "the world will recognise that the tailor is its hierophant and hierarch, or even its god."

15. This is but his satirical way of saying that the whole life of society has vanished and left the mere trappings and ornaments. In the chapter headed "The Phœnix," he puts it in the most serious moralising spirit. "Call ye that a society where each isolated, regardless of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can get and cries 'Mine,' and calls it peace, because in the cut-purse, cut-throat scramble no steel knives but only a far cunninger sort can be used, where your priest has no tongue but for plate-licking, and your high guides and governors cannot guide." He is wild against the doctrine of laissez-faire, of letting things take their course; "the poor are perishing like neglected, foundered draught cattle, of hunger and over-work; the Church is fallen speechless from obesity and apoplexy; the state shrunken into a police-office straitened to get its pay." He is enraged at liberals and economists and utilitarians for "dissevering and destroying

most existing institutions of society." And yet he would have the state enter in and solve all social questions. But, alas, the very change that he desired has come about in legislation; it has attempted to regulate in this latter half of the century all the evils of life. And the result is that it has left the world more miserable and more bewildered than it has ever been. Carlyle himself had really no faith in the state panacea, and in his latter days he had to resort to blind trust in hero worship as the cure. But in his heart he felt the remedy was not within sight. He wishes, at the close of this chapter to see society as it is turn itself up in revolution. "Let the monster Utilitaria tread down old ruinous palaces and temples with her broad hoof, till the whole is trodden down, that new and better may be built." The golden age is not in the past, as fabled, but before us. "The Phœnix is fanning her funeral pyre." Already the French revolution has done something. But when will the new birth come out of the ashes of the cremated bird? Perhaps after "two centuries of convulsions and conflagration, more or less vivid, the fire-creation may be accomplished." It is clear at least that, without great revolution, the evils of the world may never be cured;

such is the belief that lies at the bottom of his philosophy.

16. And before us lies still the burning lava desert and the bursting fires of revolution. It is a century since Europe was startled with the wild volcanic paroxysm that shook France and its foundations, and told of the molten world of passion that may slumber unguessed underneath the sodden crust of social life. And we are still awaiting, half breathlessly, the final shock ; the relations of classes and individuals, of nations and governments, of wealth and poverty are still as unsettled, as unsolved as ever. The remedies that were believed in during the first half of the century are found ineffectual. The hope that filled the breast of reformers is dying out of our hearts. And we grow weary of hearing new panaceas proposed, so monstrous seem the evils that have to be cured, so weak and trivial the power of states to cope with them. We grow conscious of convulsive movement throughout the whole framework of human life. The inner fires begin to scorch and glow, bursting forth at times into lurid gleams that threaten all existing institutions. It is not the mere tornado's breath that stirs us ; that is superficial and momentary, though for the time appalling. It

is the firm earth itself that is shaking, and we sicken with the immeasurable nature of our fears; we know not how deep or how far the convulsion goes.

17. It seems an easy solution to go back to the times when the masses lay trodden underfoot, silent and submissive, worshipping the very strength that kept them down and wounded them. There is no retreat upon the past; Time cannot learn to retrace his footsteps. Forward we must march even though it be into the darkness, crowded with terrors. The future may resemble the past in rough outline; but it can never be the same. The face of the world has changed and the minds of men have changed. All that changes not is the misery and restlessness of man. The problems differ from age to age although at their central core and in difficulty they are the same. It is ever still the elimination of the brute from our natures and our relations that is the riddle before us. How are we to subdue the past that rages in our veins and that breaks forth ever and anon into sanguinary and vicious fury?—that is the everlasting question which meets man as he climbs the woe-worn path of his development. For as he tries to drive out the

foul and bestial from his nature, the subtle element becomes his pretended ally against himself, and creeps into his heart again with redoubled strength. Thus tyranny and violence and war have been the means whereby reform and subjugation of the fiercer passions in the world have been effected hitherto. And even this mystic seer came to be the advocate of measures so undivine as these. He would set free the god within us, the nobler faculties, and yet he would engage the beast in us as liberator, would bring the tyrant in as friend and protector of the slave, would make "our physician the foul disease."

18. When shall we cease to think that violence will ever physic violence or wrong cure wrong? Mere force, howsoever embodied in the hero, will never drive the evil spirit forth of man. It will but inflame and perpetuate the conflict. For it belongs to the camp of the very enemy we would subdue. The essence of the spiritual powers of man is freedom; the air they live in is freedom. It fills the heart with despair to hear those who would ennoble man and develop the divine within him, cry out for weapons of violence to effect their purpose. For it tells how darkly the shadow of

the beast within us yet falls upon our nature, how strongly it yet dominates the minds of the very thinkers in our midst.

19. Nor shall the world be any nearer the goal of happiness by re-division of the spoils or by any scheme for more equitable apportionment. For it is not goods that relieve the spirit from the passionate demands of passion and desire. It is not what it acquires that makes the spirit noble or free, but what it is and does. Give the human soul a whole world as its possession, and it will still yearn, more unsatisfied, for other worlds; it will still complain that it is bereft of its due claims. Endow each member of the human race to-day with equal property and equal rights, and to-morrow will there be a demand for another distribution, another readjustment. For the bulk of the human race are ruled entirely by desire, and desire doth ever grow by that it feeds on; even had it all the pleasures in the world and all the possibilities of pleasure in its maw, there is no sating it. First plane down all the faculties and powers of all men, all their desires and appetites to one smooth level; and then might your socialisms and communisms have chance of taking root—for a year

or two, till the next plague or fashionable vice destroys the level.

20. Bewailers over the misery that floods the world fail to get far enough back to first principles. They see not that it is useless purifying the stream at its mouth, if there is a spring of pollution at its source. They would reform the unessentials of happiness and leave the heart of man full of bitterness and his nature dominated by the animal in him. They would set all external institutions to rights and leave the souls that have to guide or be guided by them tainted and impure. They would clothe all men "in scarlet and fine linen" and leave their bodies beneath a putrefying mass of foul disease. They must begin with desire and bridle it, if the food of the world is to be enough for all mouths. They must prevent the contagion of vice and crime and improvidence spreading down through the generations, if they would stop the misery that is their result. They must teach men to think first of duties, and then rights will look after themselves. They must preach the gospel of the supremacy of duty towards all mankind, and soon the need of schemes for setting the world to rights will vanish. Let each man do his

every action with an eye to the advance of the world as a whole and all other noblenesses will follow. The kingdom of heaven is within ourselves and not in our conditions. What we eat or drink or possess is as nothing compared with the good and true thought within us. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." They will seem so unessential and so valueless in the light of the new sense of duty, that the minimum of them will be more than enough, and the minimum is ever within our reach. In our own hands lies the moulding of our destiny and happiness.

VII.

THE FINAL RESULT OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

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1. Every man has, within the thousand petty aims that seem to rule his daily acts, a single aim to which they ever point. He cherishes it within his heart of hearts, and dare not let the winds of common life breathe over it. Even though it should recede with the years and ever elude his grasp, like the

> "rainbow's lovely form
> Evanishing amid the storm,"

he never loses faith in it. It is the stay and support of his most desperate hopes. It elevates his mind above the sordid world in which he has to live. It throws a halo round the puny acts of which life consists. Without it we should sink back into the animal or into the earth whence we came. Though it seems the most shadowy, illusive, and secret element

of our natures, it is the most real. For it is the most spiritual, the most constant adviser and consoler of our loneliest hours. It is the highest of which our minds are capable, the sublimest peak of heaven that we can reach within this mortal life.

2. And if we look into the soul of a prophet or philosopher, we shall find that he too is dominated in his minutest speculations or forecastings by some thought that is above thought, some aim that refuses expression. He stands above common men in his ordinary meditations, as far as the loftiest peak of a mountain range above the plain. Around his head gather the snows of time, the clouds of human mystery settle or drift over him, and the stars of infinite space nightly commune with him. He stands apart in his commonest moods, in closest converse with the years, the years that have vanished far into the darkness of the past, the years that still linger unborn. He seems to have the world lying far beneath him, crouching together like a village with its meadows and trees and all the ways of its men dimly displayed. And yet the heavens rest on him and seem to whisper in his ear their everlasting secrets.

3. But he, too, rises in his inmost purpose as far above these daily thoughts as these tower above the moods of common men. He sees far over him, in rarest meditations, majestic heights that draw his soul to them ; upon them seems to stand the shrine of being, the altar of the universe, whose ever-burning fire shows only in dim flicker on the far spaces of the heavens. He longs to reach it that he may know its secret and give firm basis to all his other speculations and foreseeings. It is this, the unexpressed, the unattainable, that colours all his lesser thoughts or gives them wing to cleave the heavens. It is the source of all his inspiration ; for, with his eye upon it, how can he think base thoughts or let his deeds and words fall into the dark and sordid atmosphere of life? To him it is a problem, a dim riddle ; but he never loses hope of reaching its answer. He thinks it the one thing needful for man ; and all through his life he gropes out in the darkness, if he may but catch some glimpse of its meaning, if he may but express one phase of its truth. But human words too often evade its inner sense, are too gross for its higher significance. In youth and early life he makes passionate effort to grasp it and utter it to the

world. But, as years pass, he is satisfied with it as a potency within his nature, an inexpressible ideal drawing him out of the limits of his common self.

4. The philosophy of clothes, as far as we have gone, but fumbles round the final aim of our philosopher. Carlyle could never have been satisfied with the stormy gleam of irony which it had thrown over life for him; he could not have rested in the outer courts of the temple. In he must press, with passionate yet reverent, if not awed, footstep. The doctrine of symbols was not the highest that he meant to reach; the influence of rites and ceremonies and the outer husk of humanity upon human nature and progress was well; but there was something of deeper importance in the simile he had elaborated into a philosophy. It was not the existence of classes in human society that had puzzled him, or the place of the hero, or the meaning and influence of characters. He had not started this book, *Sartor Resartus*, merely to glean where other satirists and philosophers had reaped.

5. It is in the chapters of the Third Book entitled *Organic Filaments* and *Natural Supernaturalism* that he reveals his full purpose in writing the book. Towards a

new gospel he had fought his way; and this he had to utter. He had felt how all that was firm beneath him gave way, and belief came to seem impossible. This he tells in his biography of Teufelsdröckh. At last he felt bottom, and thence was gradually able to find his way up to the sphere of common life and build a new temple with firm foundations. The rest of his book he spends in girding at the feeble or deliberate falsities that took in his age the place of faith. He was bitter against the misleading lights that had led him away from the truth into misery and gloom. And laugh wildly at Voltaire as he might for his destructive mission, he had to accomplish the same; before he could build up, he had to assail the tottering ruins or the strong lies that had taken root amidst them. But he had a more earnest purpose than the French wit; he would not leave his readers as he himself had been left, without some nucleus of a faith, some footing in the deep waters of doubt and unbelief.

6. It is in these two chapters that he reaches the positive side of his philosophy and its central truths. The most important of these is the community of all men and races and ages. There is no such thing as waiting for a new

revelation or era, waiting till the old disappear before the substitute comes. Within the fibres of that which vanishes are growing the organic filaments that are to be, that are the life of the coming organism. "Amid the rushing and the waving of the whirlwind-element come tones of a melodious death-song, which end not but in tones of a more melodious birth-song." There is no such thing as absolute death, complete separation from all living energy. We divide history into periods and ages, but there is no fixing of a point of division between them. They grow out of one another as bough from stem and branch from bough. This year's autumn and winter, which seem to be the final disappearance of its leafage and flowers and fruits, hold within them already the germs of next year's flourishing and bloom. There is no break in the continuity of development or history.

7. And so it is with mankind. "Wondrous are the bonds that unite us one and all." The very hatred and envy and lies that grow so rankly in society are "but an inverted sympathy," a proof of the living unity of victim and persecutor ; an automaton, never so wisely articulated, would rouse no such feelings, no such action. And no deed, however trivial,

but changes the forces of the human universe. No man, however insignificant, but his isolation would be a loss to the system of the world. "It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the universe." And as indissolubly are the ages bound together; we suffer or benefit from the acts of those that have been in their graves for thousands of years; "it was Tubalcain that made the very tailor's needle." The thought that we utter at this moment was reaped from the fields of all the past; nor shall it ever pass from the influences that are ever moulding the future. Round us, and through our very natures and souls, flit the ghosts of the myriads that have vanished from earth; even in the most ignorant of us, the thoughts of the sages of whom we have never heard move us to word and act. In each of us, as nerve-centres of the universe, gathers all that has been; and out of us flows some influence that is all-reaching and eternal. "There is a living, literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself and as the history of the world." "All things wax and roll onwards." "Nothing is completed but ever completing." "Death and birth are the vesper and matin bells that summon mankind to sleep

and to rise refreshed for new advancement." "If Nature is one and a living, indivisible whole, much more is mankind, the image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not."

8. It is thus he reaches a true basis for all morality, all action. The world is ever growing; there is no receding, no decay; ever towards the final perfection it marches. And every act and word and thought of every member of the race tells in the general account, flows in the stream of onward movement. It is futile to plead our insignificance or the littleness of the influence we have; we form an element in the whole, and our most secret feeling and thought moulds our character, which moulds those of our fellows, and theirs is an appreciable quantity in the energy of development of the race. There is no evading our duty; the best, the noblest, is what we should do even in our most routine work. Whatever evil thing we do, whatever false word we speak, whatever foul thought we think, has its effect on the general sum; it is retarding the progress of humanity, helping to throw further into the dim twilight of the future the consummation all our natures devoutly yearn after, the extrusion of evil and obstruction from the world. Here,

surely, is sufficient basis for the noblest of gospels, the gospel of duty, of work, sufficient stimulus for all kinds of heroism. There is but one end to which "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth." It is the perfection of the spirit ; the closer communion of every soul with the All. And the progress towards this our every action mars or furthers. There is an instinct in us, an instinct of the race, that tells us what is noble, what is mean, what improves mankind, what mars the divine element upon the earth ; and it is easy to see our duty by the light of this. Hence the mandate is divine in its force and origin, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

9. But when he comes to apply his practical principle to details of politics or social life, he is at once led astray by his prejudices ; his other principle—that of hero worship—true enough in the abstract, but difficult to work out, crosses its path and misleads him. He sees that the work of the world must pass away from war and develop towards peace ; titles (duke, earl, marshal) have hitherto been derived from fighting ; they must give way to honours that come from the services and victories of peace. But there is one that a false etymology makes him cling to—that of king ; he thinks he

traces eternity in it, becauses he fancies it to mean originally the "canning," "cunning," or "knowing" one, and he is led by it even so far as to accept the absurd doctrine that the English Civil War once and for ever annihilated:—"a king rules by divine right." Had he known a little more of the history of language, he would have seen that the king was originally "the cyning," or "the representative of the kin" or tribe, the most truly son or descendant of the blood which was supposed to flow in the veins of all the members of the tribe.

10. Of course he makes large reservations. Many who sit on thrones are but king-popinjays, mere stuffed mantles of purple; and not infrequently is this the case where the hereditary principle is the sole arbiter of royalty. "He who is to be my ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me by Heaven." So said the followers and parasites of the goose king, James I., the king of lies, Charles I., and the libertine king, Charles II. But Cromwell, the king according to Carlyle's own heart, gave them the lie, and so did his Ironsides. Which side was right? Our author answers, "He who succeeded — Cromwell." But unhappily so did Charles II.

succeed. How would he have comported himself towards that poor, licentious, bohemian monarch? Would he have accepted him and his court morality as divine? Practically this gospel of hero-worship comes to this truism: "Reverence him who is worthy of reverence, accept as your king him who has the strength of character and muscle to be a king;" and in the last resort, if we wish to get beyond a truism, the old fallacy, "Might is right." "He who succeeds has proved his case to be according to the will of Heaven." Now, unfortunately, the bulk of Carlyle's writings, and especially of this book, go to show how far from right the world is, how truly it is ruled by hypocrisies and shams, how churches and governments and institutions are all but hollow mockeries. We have thus come to a complete dilemma in his first principles; success is the test of the hero and king; it is, therefore, the test of all justice and morality; but unhappily what has succeeded in establishing itself in the places of vantage of the world is far from right or great or heroic. He proceeds, in fact, in this very chapter, to demolish with a sneer all the efforts of his own day to adapt the British Government to the new intelligence and demands of the unenfranchised middle and

lower classes. "Satisfy yourselves by universal, indubitable experiment, as ye are now doing or will do, whether freedom, heaven-born and leading heavenward, and so vitally essential for us all, cannot peradventure be mechanically hatched and brought to light in that same ballot-box of yours."

11. The strength of his gospel lies rather in its emotional elements. He sees the havoc irreverence is working. He sees how easily independence passes into aimless defiance and rebellion, and how truly the taint of scoffing and sneering is the plague of our modern world. Hence it is that he insists on reverence as the primary duty of man, as the only remedy for all our spiritual diseases. Wherever we find the godlike, there are we to worship; even the withered heartless court of Louis the Fourteenth worshipped at the feet of the "sceptic mocker, and millinery court-poet" Voltaire. Pressed again to descend to particulars, and to indicate how men are to find this divine element, and whom they are to listen to, he indicates journalism as the new church, literature as containing the new religion and liturgy, and Goethe as an instance of the authentic prophet. Unfortunately again, this only answers a problem by a more difficult problem. Journalism is as nondescript

and contradictory in its gospel as the hubbub of a city thoroughfare; literature is almost a pitiless jungle; and Goethe as often utters the facing-both-ways wisdom of the world as he does the wisdom of Heaven.

12. Carlyle is at his best and safest as a seer and gospeller when he retreats into poetic generalities. He is undoubtedly near the truth when, at the close of the chapter, he bids those who stand in no temple, and join in no psalm-worship, to "be of comfort"; "they are not alone if they have faith"; if they are worthy, they are of the unseen communion of saints, whose "heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred Miserere." He is as near truth when he insists that the divine revelation is ever underneath our eyes, if only we could see it. "Is not God's universe a symbol of the Godlike; is not immensity a temple; is not man's history and men's history a perpetual evangel? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the morning stars sing together."

13. But it is in his chapter called "Natural Supernaturalism" that he makes the closest approach to a gospel. There he comes to the

porch of the Holy of Holies of life; he gets behind symbols and vestures, and time and space, and nature herself, and tries to see what is the true essence of being. He propounds a new theory of miracles that seems to get to the very heart of nature. A miracle, he holds, is not a violation of the laws of Nature, but a violation of our knowledge of the laws of Nature; not the intrusion of an accident into the smooth-working machinery of the universe, but a further glimpse into parts of it we had not noticed before; not a new creation, but a new human vision. It is but relative to the state of our knowledge; that which to a child or a savage is a wonder past explanation, is to us but the commonest process of Nature; that which would have, in the primitive ages of Christianity, seemed the sign and seal of a new prophet, such as the production of ice in summer, or making iron float, is in the power now of the most ordinary mechanical intelligence. The science of our century assumes an omniscient attitude at times, and looks as if it had fathomed all the secrets of the universe worth knowing, as if it could decide on every conception of faith and say whether it is possible or not. Alas! the whole basis of this arrogance is that it has gone but a few inches deeper into infinity than the common mind. We count or

measure a few stars that nightly swim into our ken and we call this little sum in mensuration the "Mechanism of the Heavens," or the "System of the World." It is as if a minnow should make a survey of his pool, and, classifying its movements and disturbances, call the result "The Ocean Revealed"; some fine day a thirsty cow will pass, and the minnow's ocean will vanish. Our sciences are but statements and re-statements, sometimes deeper sometimes shallower, of the few facts we are able to notice concerning our own little corner of the universe, and to call this all the laws of Nature, all the forces of creation, is to act like the scientific minnow of the pool.

14. Under our very eyes, within our own frames, there are ever-living miracles, facts which have lost their wonderful character by familiarity, but transcend all our capacities to find the true source and cause of them. We call such and such acts and functions living, but have we got any nearer their secret by calling them so? We name such and such ways of life and thought mad, and in our day trace them to derangement of nerves and tissues, but the true problem is why the nerves and tissues should have such virtue in them. Our boasted sciences are but new ways of looking at and

naming old facts. The names blind us to the true mysteries behind, just as custom blinds us to the insoluble problems that move in our very frame and constitution, thick as motes in a sunbeam. Get as far back as we can, by dint of the hardest thought and the most advanced science, there still remains even in the commonest occurrence the real mystery to explain, the real miracle to record.

15. But the strangest of all mysteries in the human system is the fact that our thoughts are bound down and imprisoned by space and time, whilst we are quite unconscious of our limitations. Only in fable have we ever imagined their absence, or rather the absence of one of them — space; the wishing-cap of Fortunatus transported its possessor to any locality he wished, however distant. This simply means that space with its boundaries is an accident of our humanity, that other beings may and do probably exist, without any such imprisonment of thought; they may, in thought, be anywhere at any moment; it is thus we speak of God as omnipresent. So might we have a wishing-cap that transported us to any point of time, past or future. "This were indeed the grander; shooting at will from the fire-creation of the world, to its fire-consummation; here historically

present in the first century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca ; there prophetically in the thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late time." Memory and hope, the mystic faculties, are faint guarantees and adumbrations of such power ; they show that even the human spirit, were it stript of its sensuous elements and forms, would be able to live anywhere or anywhen at any moment of its existence. This is the divine quality in it, only it is hampered and obscured by those sense-forms of pure thought, time and space. Our eyes must see only a limited space, our ears can hear sounds only in a limited time. And our soul has become so accustomed to these sense-fetters that it takes them as parts and functions of itself. It can never rid itself of them as long as it is united to the body.

16. And here our thinker comes upon the thought of immortality. He cannot believe that "the white tomb of our loved ones is but a pale spectral illusion." No, "the lost friend is still mysteriously here, even as we are here mysteriously, with God." "Only the time-shadows have perished or are perishable ; the real being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and forever." It is the

hardest thing for us, cooped up as we are in our own senses and their moulds of thought, limited time and limited space, to realise that the living Spirit of the universe is everywhere and everywhen, and that the disembodied soul is anywhere and anywhen it pleases to be. Only in rare moments can we rend the sensuous veil that clings to our thoughts, and look with pure reason into the real world beyond it, wherein live God and all spirit untrammelled by sense. Only in rare moments can we transcend the forms of space and time. Nay, it is these that hoodwink us with regard to our own souls; they make us unconscious that the most real part of us is the spirit, commonly make us unconscious that we are anything but body and senses. Even vigorous thinkers like Dr. Johnson, with all the powers of discrimination between body and soul fully developed, expect to see or hear or feel a disembodied spirit, even though it is clear that the senses are conscious only of beings and elements that express themselves through time and space. If only we could waken up out of this dream of life, we should see that it is ourselves that are veritable ghosts, with but dust and shadow gathered round them; a few years and the dust shall return to dust, the shadows will flee away, and we shall again be

like the divine essence, nothing but pure spirit. "The Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow." It is these shadows of our senses that so obscure the Deity from us; if only we could look beyond them we should see "this fair universe in very deed the star-domed city of God," and "through every star, through every grassblade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beaming." "Nature, which is the time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish." With Him and in Him we are, if only our sense-shadows would let us see Him. But what we will be when they cease to haunt us, we cannot see, so imprisoned are we by them. Sense knows not whence we come or whither we go; even "faith knows not"; all we may be sure of is "that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God."

17. It is a figure of speech almost as old as history, this comparison of human life to the flight of a bird at night out of darkness, through a hall gleaming with lights, into darkness again. Scarcely do we stay long enough in the light to know whence it comes, and how it shines. Almost before we have opened our eyes in startled wonder, the veil of gloom falls over

them again. In the lapse of eternities what is our three-score years and ten but a flash of lightning athwart the midnight? And the gloom is all the deeper for the "excess of bright." How can our eyes, dazed and almost blinded by the sun of life, pierce "the palpable obscure" that encircles the world? How can our sensuous powers feel at ease in the mystic infinities that lie outside of their range? Simpler, undoubtedly, it is to deny the mysteries of our limitless atmosphere, to refuse to know what is to be known of them, to ignore the faculties that take cognisance of them. But the higher task is to let fantasy take in the larger life that fills the infinitude our senses never know. As well might the winged thing that darts by night into a festal hall and darts out on the other side deny its own existence in the encircling gloom, as man, judging by his senses, ignore the shadows out of which he comes and whither he vanishes, and deny the life that peoples them.

18. What our eyes and ears tell us has nothing in it that has kinship with the divine. Our sensuous impressions reveal only sensuous things. Spirit they would never find if they lived and sought through a whole eternity. For spirit has no limits of space or time, and the senses can know only within such limits. What

we call matter is but energy looked at under the sensuous forms our body gives it. Take even this rock, the symbol of all that is dead, and trace it back to the ages in which it was laid in fine sand by the waters, or poured forth molten by the furnaces of the earth; then you will find it alive with force. Or fuse it again, and you will see, even in its ashes, elements that may crush or batter down the strongest walls ever built by human hands. "Dead" is but a time-shadow which our senses throw over that which takes longer than our life to reveal its energy. Choose years or ages enough to spread over, and there is nothing, however dull and lifeless, but will reveal the essential energy within it. It is only because, imprisoned as we are in a body whose windows are the senses, our thoughts must move under sensuous forms, must accept all things as belonging to a definite number of moments or years or ages, and to a space that has limits. For a brief period of exaltation we may rise above our fetters and fly with fantasy far through the infinitudes of the stars of night. Space after space we leave behind, system after system, and yet we see no limit, feel conscious of no pulsing of the minutes of the universe. Still over us stretches the "star-dome of the city of God;" still blooms above the violet flower of

night, strewn with great worlds as pollen. And at last the appalling solitude crushes our souls, if we feel not the presence of One whose heart beats with the pulsing of every orb and system throughout infinity. It is all "like a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury," if there be not consciousness behind it. What is the aim and object of these countless worlds crowded with countless life, if there be no spirit whose thought and expression it is? Death, life, pain, pleasure, thus the pendulum swings for ever and for ever through boundless space, with no one to heed its motion or its fate. It is monotony enough to madden the strongest thought—this everlasting oscillation between bloom and corruption, light and darkness, with never a soul to guide it or heed its final aim. Out flickers yon long-gleaming world, and its myriad types of life, evolved in long upward agony, sink into the abyss of nothingness. Flames into life with wild conflagration yon other orb to pass through a million ages of cooling, of appearance of life, of evolution through weary stages, and then to follow its brethren into darkness and annihilation. And this shall proceed through infinity after infinity, purposeless and unheeded. The thought weighs us down

with its terror. What is the good of our fierce ambitioning and agonism, we, the creatures of a moment, if this is to be all to which this world is doomed, with all the orbs that jewel the vault of night? He is assuredly the happiest and wisest who shortens his brief life and seeks the only bed of rest—the grave.

19. All our higher faculties revolt against the thought, however strongly our senses may report it or confirm it. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out." And there is a spirit behind this sensuous veil, would men but use their reason and their fantasy to see it. How can the senses, the animal part of us, take cognisance of that which is beyond the senses? They cannot even know the finer matter that floats through space, and only by the aid of instruments that magnify ten thousandfold can they be brought to believe in beings and atoms that live beyond their ken. Nay, only by the alliance of reason and the products of fantasy have they accepted the existence of energies that move and work and have their being in spheres too minute or too vast for their powers. It is but the gross and carnal facts of the world they will believe in; and it needs ages of thought and reasoning, of

the meditation of wise men, and the invention and struggle of men of power, to lead them one finger's breadth out of their false perceptions and superstitions. And yet we will trust them and all they report rather than our reason and our fantasy, and quell and silence the divine element within us, and deny the Great Spirit that lives and breathes throughout the universe. Remove their influence, and the shadows they throw upon our souls, the time shadows and the space shadows, and we feel at once the veil of Nature raised, and the everlasting soul behind it revealed. No longer do we stand alone in a godless, fathomless infinitude, or fall paralysed before the aimlessness and solitude of existence. We know that all things have a nobler end than

> "to die and go we know not where,
> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot."

We know that the agony that all beings endure is but the passage from the lower to the higher. Even our little life has its sublime purpose, and out of it comes not merely some progress towards the ennobling of our race, but a divine element that goes not down into the grave. We feel within us move the soul that will not suffer corruption, but seek the home it came from.

These poor agonised tissues and nerves will vanish into the dust out of which they grew. But our spirits, they

> "are not finely touched
> But to fine issues."

Why should they scale the Heavens in their daring or their reverence, only to sink back into the earth, only to accept the hideous dream of an unpurposed infinity, only to "lie in cold obstruction and to rot"? Throw off the sensuous forms that clog our thoughts, raise the half-transpicuous veils of space and time, and there we shall look into the shrine of being and see the world to be but the living garment of God, and our bodies to be but the prisons of undying souls.

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